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From the collection
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Christian
HYMNS

ADAPTED TO THE

WORSHIP OF GOD OUR SAVIOUR.

IN PUBLIC AND PRIVATE DEVOTION.

COMPILED

FROM THE MOST APPROVED ANCIENT AND MODERN AUTHORS.

FOR THE

Central Universalist Society,

IN BULFINCH STREET....CITY OF BOSTON,

By a Committee, appointed for the purpose.

"Sing unto the Lord, all the earth; shew forth from day to day His Salvation."—1 Chron. xvi. 23.

"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High."—Psalm xcii.

WITH AN APPENDIX.

Boston:
CHARLES CROCKER, PRINTER.
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1823.

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DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, TO WIT:

District Clerk's Office.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the fifteenth day of April, A. D. 1823, in the forty-seventh year of the Independence of the United States of America, SAMUEL GRAY, as Chairman of the Committee of the Central Universalist Society in Boston, of the said District, has deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the words following, *to wit:*

Christian Hymns, adapted to the Worship of God our Saviour, in Public and Private Devotion. Compiled from the most approved Ancient and Modern Authors, for the Central Universalist Society, in Bulfinch Street, City of Boston, By a Committee, appointed for the purpose.

"Sing unto the Lord, all the earth; shew forth from day to day His Salvation."—1 Chron. xvi. 23.

"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High."—Psalm xcii.

—With an Appendix.

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned:" and also to an act entitled, "An act supplementary to an act, entitled, An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical, and other prints."

JOHN W. DAVIS,

Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

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With joy we meditate the grace	*Watts*
With solemn shout, we sing thy praise	*James Relly*
With God our friend, the radiant sun	*Toplady's Col.*
With songs and honours sounding loud	*Watts*
With warm affection let us view	*Exeter Col.*
With sacred joy we lift our eyes	*Jervis*
With ecstacy of joy	*Doddridge*
With joyful hearts and tuneful songs	
With one consent let all the earth	*Tate*
What blessings in the Lamb abound	*James Relly*
What condescending grace and love	*Peacock*
What equal honours shall we bring	*Watts*
What though no flowers the fig-tree clothe	*Scotch par.*
What saving power, what grace divine	*Peacock*
What wonders hath Jehovah wrought	*Proud*
What works of wisdom, power, and love	*Butcher*
What heavenly wisdom has bestow'd	
While many cry in nature's night	*Montgomery*
Whilst thee I seek,	*Miss H. M. Williams*
When marshall'd on the nightly plain	*H. K. White*
When Asia's mighty conqueror died	*Pierpont*
When I survey this world	*Proud*
When darkness long has veil'd the mind	*Cowper*
When gloomy thoughts, and boding fears	*Mrs. Steele*
When reft of all, and hopeless care	*Drummond*
When the last trumpets awful voice	*Scotch par.*
While in this wilderness	*Proud*
When in obedience to their Lord	*Exeter Col.*
While with ceaseless course the sun	*Olney hymns*
While shepherds watch their flocks by night	*Watts*
Whilst we are marching through	*James Relly*
Why sinks my weak desponding mind	*Mrs. Steele*
Why do we mourn departing friends	*Watts*
Worthy is Christ, our Paschal Lamb	*Whitefield's Col.*
YE angels that surround the throne	
Ye children of the living God	*Proud*
Your harps, ye trembling saints	*Rippon's Coll.*
Ye humble saints, proclaim abroad	*N——*
Ye humble souls, approach your God	
Ye followers of the Prince of peace	*Beddome*
Ye humble souls, who seek the Lord	*Doddridge*
Ye nations round the earth, rejoice	*Watts*
Ye scarlet-colour'd sinners, come	*W——*
Ye sons of men, with joy record	*Doddridge*
Ye tribes of Adam, join	*Watts*
Yes, the Redeemer rose	Doddridge
Ye works of God, on him alone	Merrick
Yonder, amazing sight! I see	S. Stennet

HYMNS.

1. L. M.

Divine Providence. Mat. v. 45. Acts xiv. 17. Ps. cxlv. 16.

1 THY ways, O Lord, with wise design,
Are fram'd upon thy throne above,
And ev'ry dark or bending line
Meets in the centre of thy love.

2 With feeble light, and half obscure,
Poor mortals thine arrangements view,
Not knowing that the least are sure,
And the mysterious just and true.

3 Thy flock, thine own peculiar care,
Though now they seem to roam uney'd,
Are led or driven only where
They best and safest may abide.

4 They neither know, nor trace the way;
But, trusting to thy piercing eye,
None of their feet to ruin stray,
Nor shall the weakest fail or die.

5 My favor'd soul shall meekly learn
To lay her reason at thy throne;
Too weak thy *secrets* to discern,
I'll trust thee for my guide alone.

2. P. M. 7s.

Praise for Redemption. Ps. cxxx. 7. Luke i. 68. 1 Pe

1 NOW begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name:
Ye, who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome all, by sin oppress'd,
Welcome to his sacred rest:
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 When his spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

7 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each cheerful string;
Mortals join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

3. P. M. 7s.

Praise for Salvation. John iii. 17. xii. 47. 2 Tim. i. 9.

1 COME, ye lovers of the Lamb,
Praise the great Almighty Name:
To your God your songs begin,
To the Lamb, your bleeding King.

2 Jesus, thee we honours give;
Live, Almighty Jesus, live;
Thou hast penn'd our songs with blood,
Thee we hail, incarnate God.

3 We were laden once with sin,
But the Lamb hath made us clean;
We, who once in darkness lay,
Now behold eternal day.

4 Strangers once, and far from God,
Now brought home by Jesus' blood,
Shining in our wedding dress,
In the Lord our righteousness.

5 Freely we are sav'd by grace:
Heart and hand we this embrace;
This, below, fills ev'ry tongue,
This, above, is all the song.

6 Praises still to Christ we sing;
Christ, our Prophet, Priest and King:
Living waters in us flow,
Glory is begun below.

---

4. L. M.

Universal Praise. Ps. lxvi. 4. Rev. v. 13.

1 FROM all *that dwell* below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise:

Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise to set no more.

---

5. C. M.

The Excellence of Scripture. 2 Tim. iii. 16. Rom. xv. 4

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word,
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines.

2 Here, may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches, above what earth can grant;
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 Oh may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord!
Be thou for ever near;

Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

---

6. C. M.

All Scripture Precious. John v. 39. Luke xxiv. 45.

1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

---

7. L. M.

Introductory. Acts xvii. 26. Mal. ii. 10. Rom. v. 18.

1 THOUGH various names, O Lord, divide
The differing tribes of Adam's race;
Yet all to Him, to Thee allied,
Are sons of wrath, and heirs of grace.

2 One law of death condemns the whole,
The east, the west; the south, the north:
And one free gift gives life to all
The present, future, past of earth.

3 *From one, all nations*, kindreds sprung:
To one they tend; that one art Thou;

Then be thy praise in concert sung,
By all thine offspring here below.

---

8. L. M.

Abraham's Rejoicing. Gen. xxii. 8. John i. 29, viii. 36.

1 " GOD will provide," the Patriarch said,
And faith gives ev'ry doubt away ;
Fearless he climbs Moriah's mound,
And sees afar Christ Jesus' day :

2 Yes ! God provides, and God accepts
His sacrifice, and his alone :
No blood of beasts, not Abrah'm's son.
Nor aught, save Christ, can e'er atone.

3 Ten thousand blessings crown the Lamb,
The Lamb of God, that once was slain :
Behold he lives, he intercedes,
And ransom'd nations shout Amen.

---

9. C. M.

Praise for the Gospel. Psa. xcvi. 1. Luke, iij. 5, 6.

1 TO our almighty Maker, God,
New honours be address'd ;
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations blest.

2 He spake the word to Abr'am first,
His truth fulfils his grace ;
The Gentiles make his name their trust,
And learn his righteousness.

3 *Let the whole* earth his love proclaim
With all her diff'rent tongues ;

And spread the honours of his name
In melody and songs.

---

10. P. M. 7s.

Praise. Psa. clxv. 2; cl. 6. Heb. xiii. 15.

1 LIVING spirits! flames of fire!
Leaders of the immortal choir,
Fill the heaven of heavens above,
Full of praise, as full of love.

2 Ancients! Elders! cry aloud,
Worthy thou the Saviour God.
Thrones, dominions, angels, join
Glory, glory, Lord, be thine.

3 Church first born! first fruits! proclaim
Honour to Emmanuel's name,
Nations! kindreds! countless tongues!
Offer Christ your noblest songs.

4 Holy, holy, holy, cry;
Heaven, and earth, and sea reply.
Trump of God! repeat the strain,
God with us! pronounce Amen.

---

11. P. M. 7s.

Comforter of all that mourn. Isa. lxi. 1, 3. Jer. xxxi. 13. Rev. xxi. 4.

1 JESUS, comforter divine!
Consolations, Lord, are thine;
Mightiest comforts, full of good,
Worthy of the living God.

2 Thou shalt wipe all tears away,
Mid the blessed realms of day;
Thou shalt hush each rising sigh;
Sorrow, pain, and death, shall die.

3 Highest praises wait thy name,
Great unchanging, glorious same;
Jesus, comforter divine!
Praises, praises, Lord, be thine.

---

12. L. M.

God's Faithfulness and Truth. Num. xxiii. 19. Rom. xi 2 Cor. i. 20.

1 YE humble saints, proclaim abroad
The honours of a faithful God;
How just and true are all his ways,
How much above your highest praise!

2 The words his sacred lips declare,
Of his own mind the image bear;
What should Him tempt, from frailty free,
Blessed in his self-sufficiency!

3 He will not his great Self deny:
A God all truth can never lie:
As well might he his being quit,
As break his oath, or word forget.

4 Let frighten'd rivers change their course,
Or backward hasten to their source;
Swift through the air let rocks be hurl'd,
And mountains like the chaff be whirl'd;

5 Let sun and stars forget to rise,
Or quit their stations in the skies;
Let heaven and earth both pass away,
Eternal truth shall ne'er decay.

13. P. M. 8s. 7s. 4s.

Solemn Praise. Ps. xcviii. 1. Rom. v. 9; vii. 12.

1 SING the triumphs of your conquering
Head, and crucified King;
His achievements, when he vanquish'd
All our enemies, we'll sing:
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, Lord, be thine!

2 Long he struggled with confused
Noise, and garments rolled in blood,
'Till destroying sin, and hell, and
Death, he rescu'd man to God:
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, &c.

3 Most triumphant, greatly glorious,
He from death and hell arose!
In him all his church victorious,
Triumph'd o'er her dreadful foes:
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, &c.

4 High ascending, 'midst angelic
Songs, and sounds of trumpets loud,
In eternal triumph leading
All the captives of his blood:
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, &c.

5 Far above the highest heaven
Thus he gloriously ascends,
Where the honours to him given,
Ev'ry thought of man transcends:
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, &c.

6 There, exalted, live and reign, whilst
We admire thy wounds and blood,
Till *we see thee come* again, in

All the pomp and power of God:
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, Lord, be thine!

14. L. M.

First and Second Adam. Rom. v. 14. 1 Cor. xv. 21, 22

1 LORD, what was man when made at first,
Adam, the offspring of the dust,
That thou should'st set him and his race,
But just below an angel's place!

2 That thou shouldst raise his nature so,
And make him Lord of all below;
Make ev'ry beast and bird submit,
And lay the fishes at his feet.

3 But, O! what brighter glories wait
To crown the second Adam's state!
What honours shall thy Son adorn,
Who condescended to be born!

4 See him below his angels made:
See him in dust among the dead,
To save a ruined world from sin;
But He shall reign with pow'r divine.

5 The world to come, redeem'd from all
The mis'ries that attend the fall,
New made and glorious, shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

15. H. M.

Jubilee. Lev. xxv. 10, 39, 40, 41. Isa. lii. 3.

1 *BLOW ye* the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound

Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb!
Redemption, by his blood,
Through all the lands proclaim;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Ye, who have sold for nought,
The heritage above;
Shall have it back, unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pard'ning grace:
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

6 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits rest,
Ye mournful souls be glad!

The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

---

16. S. M.

Sabbatic Year. Lev. xxv. 13, 20, 21. Mat. vi. 25.

1 BLESSED are the eyes that see—
The ears are blessed that hear
The trumpet of the jubilee;
The great sabbatic year.

2 We plough nor sow no more,
Nor toil for living bread;
For we've a never-failing store,
A table plenteous spread.

3 The servant now is free;
The hateful heavy yoke
(That all might taste true liberty)
From ev'ry neck is broke.

4 Th' inheritance, once sold,
Which the poor bankrupt mourns,
To the true owner, without gold
Or price, it now returns.

5 O Jesus! ever bless'd,
Thou art our jubilee;
Our restoration and our rest,
Is all, dear Lamb, in thee.

6 Thy name, O bleeding King,
Shall dwell on all our tongues;
And ev'ry heart inspir'd shall sing
Thy praise in all their songs.

17. L. M.

Father. Isa. lxiii. 16. Psa. ciii. 22; cxlv. 9, 10.

1 FATHER of Angels and of men,
Of nature and of grace the Lord,
Be thou in one eternal strain,
By all thy various works ador'd.

2 From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
Through worlds above and worlds below,
Thy boundless mercies, freely given,
In tides of bliss for ever flow.

3 Sing, O ye heavens! burst into praise
Thou earth, and let the anthem roll,
Till rocks and tombs swall hear the lays,
And light and life embrace the whole.

---

18. C. M.

Praise. Ps. cvii. 8. Isa. xxxv. 3—6.

1 O, FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life and health and peace.

3 He breaks the power of death and sin,
He sets the prisoners free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avail'd for me.

4 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

5 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

---

19. P. M. 7s.

Characters of Christ; from the Prophets.

1 "OPENER of the blinded eyes!"
'Mid the night of death arise.
"Binder of the broken heart!"
Balsam to the soul impart.

2 "Giver of the oil of joy!"
Mourning from the earth destroy.
"Raiser up of Jacob's race!"
Save the world of man, by grace.

3 "Saviour God, and God the just!"
On thine arm shall nations trust.
"Gatherer of the outcasts home!"
In salvation's chariots, come.

4 "Liberal soul, devising good!"
Sinners wash in thy own blood.
"Taker of the veil away!"
Lead us to eternal day.

5 "Man of sorrows, man of grief!"
May thy wounds impart relief.
"Leader, witness, cov'nant God!"
Rule the world with mercy's rod.

"Opener of the prison door!"
Captives to thy light restore.
"Judge, Lawgiver, King of men!"
Come in glory, come again.

20. S. M.

Preaching of glad tidings. Luke iv. 17, 18, 19. Matt. iv. 23.

1 O CHRIST, what gracious words,
Are ever, ever thine;
Thy voice is music to the soul,
And life and peace divine.

2 Good, everlasting good,
Glad tidings full of joy,
Flow from thy lips, the lips of truth,
And flow without alloy.

3 The broken heart, the poor,
The bruis'd, the deaf, the blind,
The dumb, the dead, the captive wretch,
In thee compassion find.

4 Lord Jesus, speed the day,
The promis'd day of grace,
To all the poor, the dumb, the deaf,
The dead of Adam's race.

4 One song shall then employ
The blessed, blessing whole;
And human nature shout thy name,
The life of every soul.

21. P. M. 8s. 7s. 4s.

Judgment brought forth unto victory. 1 Chron. xvi. 32, 33. Matt. xii. 18—21. Psa. viii. 4—6.

1

LO! the man of God appointed,
Judge of quick and judge of dead,

'Mid his father's throne exalted,
High in glory lifts his head.
Shout triumphant, sing rejoicing, shout triumph!
'Tis the Son, the Son of man.

2

He's the bringer forth of judgment,
Judgment bas'd on truth divine:
See, before the bar arraigned,
Death and hell their powers resign.
Ransom'd thousands, happy myriads, rising n
Sound the Almighty Saviour's name.

3

Where is sin, and death, and Satan?
Triumph they? or triumphs God?
Sin, and death, and hell subdued,
Feel the monarch's iron rod.
Whilst the nature, human nature, Christ as
Is by him redeem'd and sav'd.

4

Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Glory be to God on high:
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Worlds below and worlds on high
Shout redemption! cry salvation! praise theSa
Praise, O praise ye him—Amen.

---

22. L. M.

Christ and the Church. Psa. xlviii. 10. xlvii. 9, c.

1 THE King of saints, how fair his face,
Adorn'd with majesty and grace!
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 At his right hand, our eyes behold
The queen array'd in purest gold;

The world admires her heavenly dress,
Her robe of joy and righteousness.

3 He forms her beauties like his own,
He calls and seats her near his throne;
Fair stranger, let thine heart forget
The idols of thy native state.

4 So shall the King the more rejoice
In thee, the fav'rite of his choice;
Let him be lov'd, and yet ador'd,
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.

5 O happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies!
And all thy sons (a numerous train)
Each like a prince in glory reign.

6 Let endless honours crown his head:
Let every age his praises spread;
While we with cheerful songs approve
The condescension of his love.

---

23. P. M.

Consolation of Israel. Isa. xlix. 13. xl. 1, 2. Luke ii. 25, 26.

1 COME, thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee;
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a king;

Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring:
By thine own eternal spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

---

24. S. M.

Seeker and Saviour of the Lost. Luke xix. 10. Ezek. xxxiv. 11, 12, 15, 16.

1 JESUS, 'tis thine to seek,
'Tis thine to save by grace,
The ruin'd, wand'ring, lost, undone,
Of Adam's guilty race.

2 No height, nor depth of sin,
Of wretchedness, or woe,
Precluded, Lord, thy boundless love,
To helpless man below.

3 Deep as our depths of guilt,
Didst thou, O Christ, descend;
And lo, the prodigal is found,
Of his Almighty Friend.

4 Come, grateful sinners come,
The Seeker, Saviour, laud;
For ever bless his gracious name;
And praise the loving God.

---

25. C. M.

Desire of all Nations. Hag. ii. 7. Job xiv. 15. Isa. xxvi.

1 INFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou lovely Prince of grace;
Thine uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.

2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at thy feet:
To Thee their prayers and vows ascend,
In Thee their wishes meet.

3 Thy name, as precious ointment shed,
Delights the church around;
Sweetly the sacred odour's spread
Through all Immanuel's ground.

4 Millions of happy spirits live
On thine exhaustless store:
From Thee they all their bliss receive,
And still Thou givest more.

5 Thou art their triumph, and their joy;
They find their all in Thee:
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Through all eternity.

---

26. C. M.

Our lives blessed by Divine Goodness.

1 AGAIN the cheerful beams of day,
Shine to salute our eyes;
Our souls again their tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.

2 Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.

3 Yet mighty God, our fleeting days,
Thy lasting favours share;
And with the bounties of thy grace
Thou crown'st the rolling year.

4 Thy goodness runs an endless round;
All glory to the Lord:
Thy mercy never knows a bound,
And be thy name ador'd.

5 Thus we begin the lasting song;
And when our days are o'er,
Let the next age thy praise prolong,
Till time shall be no more.

---

27. L. M.

The Christian Sabbath.

1 AGAIN our weekly labours end,
And we the sabbath's call attend:
Improve, my soul! the sacred rest,
And learn for ever to be blest.

2 This day may our devotions rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
May heaven that peace divine bestow,
Which none but they who feel it, know.

3 This holy calm within the breast,
Points us to that eternal rest
Which for the sons of God remains;
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 With joy, great God, thy works we view,
In varied scenes both old and new;
With praise we think on mercies past,
By hope, we future mercies taste.

5 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away:
How sweet this sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of that which ne'er shall end!

28. H. M.

Fairer than the sons of men. Psa. xlv. 2; lxxxix. 6.
1 Chron. xvi. 24, 25, 26.

1 ETERNAL Excellence!
Thy worms would fain declare,
In the divinest sense,
How Thou art heavenly fair:
O, Prince Messiah! thou art seen
The fairest of the sons of men.

2 Jesus, thy beauties shine
Bright, infinitely bright;
Both human and divine,
In thee, O Lamb, unite!
Whate'er in heaven or earth we see
As beautiful, are types of thee.

3 The sun, the moon, the stars,
With all the thrones above,
Thine excellence declare,
Thy beauty, power, and love:
All worlds before thy throne we see,
A sea of glass reflecting Thee.

4 Man in his first estate,
Most wonderfully form'd:
With beauty's powers replete,
With holiness adorn'd,
From every spot and blemish free,
Was but a figure, Lord, of thee.

5 As blood of goats and lambs,
Is to thy blood divine;
Or, as their altar's flames,
Dear Jesus, are to thine:
So Adam's purity appears;
To Thine no more proportion bears.

6 Self-interest, Lord, shall fail,
Man's haughtiness sink low;
Thy beauty, Lord, prevail;
We at thy footstool bow:
Thou know'st our hearts, we need no more:
Give us to worship, love, adore.

---

29. C. M.

Friend. Prov. xvii. 17; xviii. 24. Cant. v. 16.

1 POOR, weak, and worthless though I am,
I have a rich Almighty Friend;
Jesus, the Saviour, is his name,
He freely loves, and without end.

2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood,
And by his power my foes controll'd;
He found me wand'ring far from God,
And brought me to his chosen fold.

3 He cheers my heart, my wants supplies,
And says that I shall shortly be
Enthron'd with him above the skies;
O! what a friend is Christ to me.

---

30. C. M.

Fountain opened. Zec. xiii. 1. Psa. xxxvi. 9. Isa. xli.

1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day;

O may I there, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away!

3 Dear, dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 But when this lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

---

51. C. M.

The Light and Glory of God's Word.

1 A GLORY gilds the sacred page,
Majestic as the sun;
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.

3 Let endless thanks, O God! be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 With steadfast zeal may we pursue
The paths of truth and love;

Till glory break upon our view
In brighter worlds above.

---

32. L. M.

Increase of the Church. Isa. ii. 2. Hab. ii. 14. Mic. iv.

1 SHOUT! for the blessed Jesus reigns;
Through distant lands his triumphs spread:
And sinners, freed from sin and pains,
Own him their Saviour and their Head.

2 His sons and daughters from afar,
Daily at Zion's gate arrive;
Those who were dead in sin before,
By sovereign grace are made alive.

3 Oppressors now beneath his feet,
O'ercome by his victorious power;
Princes in humble posture wait,
And proud blasphemers learn t' adore.

4 Gentiles and Jews his laws obey,
Nations remote their offerings bring,
And, unconstrain'd, their homage pay
To their exalted God and King.

5 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below and all above;
In lofty songs exalt his name,
In songs as lasting as his love.

---

33. L. M.

King of Nations. Psa. xlvii. 6, 7; lxxii. 10—14.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journies run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

3 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

5 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The pris'ner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

6 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

7 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to their King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

---

34. H. M.

Kingdom of Christ. Dan. ii. 44. Psa. xxii. 27; lxvii. 3, 4.

1 ALL hail, redeeming Lord!
The wondrous things foretold
Of thee in sacred writ,
With joy our eyes behold:
Still does thy arm new trophies wear,
And monuments of glory rear.

2 To thee the hoary head
Its silver honours pays;
To thee the blooming youth
Devotes his brightest days:

And every age their tribute bring,
And bow to thee, all conquering King!

3 O haste, victorious Prince,
That happy, glorious day,
When souls like drops of dew
Shall own thy gentle sway!
O may it bless our longing eyes,
And bear our shouts beyond the skies!

4 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Eternal be thy reign;
Behold the nations sue
To wear thy gentle chain:
When earth and time are known no more,
Thy throne shall stand for ever sure.

---

35. S. M.

Christ the Branch of David, and the Morning Star.

1 ALL hail, mysterious King!
Hail David's ancient root;
Thou righteous Branch, which thence did spring
To give the nations fruit.

2 Our weary souls shall rest
Beneath thy grateful shade;
Our thirsting lips the sweets shall taste,
By thy bless'd fruit convey'd.

3 Fair morning star, arise!
With living glories bright;
And pour on these awak'ning eyes
A flood of sacred light.

4 The horrid gloom is fled,
Pierc'd by thy heavenly ray;
Shine, and our wand'ring footsteps lead
To everlasting day.

36. C. M.

Pillars in the Heavenly Temple.

1 ALL hail, victorious Saviour, hail!
We bow to thy command,
And own that David's royal key
Well fits thy sovereign hand.

2 Open the treasures of thy love,
And shed thy gifts abroad;
Unveil to our rejoicing eyes
The temple of our God.

3 Therein as pillars let us stand,
On an eternal base;
Uprear'd by thy almighty hand,
And polish'd by thy grace.

4 There, deep engraven, let us bear
The title of our God;
And mark the New Jerusalem,
As our secure abode.

5 In lasting characters inscribe
Thy own beloved name;
That endless ages there may read
The great Immanuel's claim.

---

37. L. M.

The voice of Nature.

1 ALMIGHTY goodness, power divine,
The fields and verdant meads display;
And bless the hand which made them shine,
With various charms profusely gay.

2 For man and beast, here daily food,
In wide diffusive plenty grow;

And there, for drink, the crystal flood,
In streams, sweet-winding, gently flow.

3 By cooling streams and soft'ning showers
The vegetable race are fed;
And trees and plants, and herbs and flowers,
Their Maker's bounty smiling spread.

4 The flowery tribes, all blooming, rise
Above the faint attempts of art;
Their bright inimitable dyes
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.

5 Ye curious winds, that roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of our God,
And bow before him and adore.

---

38. L. M.

The example of Christ.

1 AND is the gospel peace and love?
So let our conversation be:
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife;
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life!

3 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be his the temper of our mind,
And his the rules by which we live.

4 To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight;

Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright!

5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love;
Then if we bear the Saviour's name,
By his example let us move.

---

39. L. M.

The only Perfect. Eccles. vii. 20. Job xiv. 4. Isa. lxiv. 6.

1 COULD I of all perfection boast,
As pure as that which Adam lost,
I'd sacrifice it to thy blood,
My Christ, my all, my only good.

2 Were I as Abra'm, strong in faith,
And boldly steadfast unto death;
I'd bid my faithfulness adieu,
And Jesus only faithful view.

3 If I more meek than Moses were,
Quite free from anger, strife, or fear;
Yet this I gladly would despise,
And Jesus' meekness only prize.

4 Was I, as Job, submissive still,
Patient, resign'd, in every ill;
Yet all should fade before his cross,
Compar'd with him it is but dross.

5 If I was wise as Solomon,
Like him with zeal and ardour shone;
Like him I'd vain and foolish see
My wisdom, zeal, yea all but Thee.

6 Had I an angel's purity,
Yea, even this I would deny;
Nor good confess in name or thing,
But Christ my Lord, my life, my King.

40. L. M.

Rain of Heaven. Psa. lxxii. 6. Isa. lv. 10, 11.

1 AS showers on meadows newly mown,
Jesus shall shed his blessings down;
Crown'd with whose life-infusing drops,
Earth shall renew her blissful crops.

2 Lands, that beneath a burning sky,
Have long been desolate and dry,
Th' effusions of his love shall share,
And sudden greens and herbage wear.

3 The dews and rains in all their store,
Drenching the pastures o'er and o'er,
Are not so copious as that grace
Which sanctifies and saves our race.

4 As, in soft silence, vernal showers
Descend, and cheer the fainting flowers;
So, in the secrecy of love,
Falls the sweet influence from above.

5 That heavenly influence let me find
In holy silence of the mind,
While every grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.

6 Nor let these blessings be confin'd
To me, but pour'd on all mankind,
Till earth's wide wastes in verdure rise,
And a young Eden bless our eyes.

41. C. M.

Zeal and Vigour in the Christian Race. Phil. iii. 12, 14.

1 AWAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 That prize, with peerless glory bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Then, soul, with all thy waken'd powers,
Survey th' immortal prize;
Nor let the glitt'ring toys of earth,
Allure thy wand'ring eyes.

---

42. C. M.

Triumph in Prospect of future Glory. Rom. xiii. 11.

1 AWAKE, ye saints! and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high:
Awake, and praise that sovereign love,
Which shows salvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near:
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year.

3 Not many years their round shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature speed your course;
Ye mortal powers decay!
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

---

43. S. M.

The living Sacrifice.

1 AND will th' eternal King
So mean a gift reward!
That off'ring, Lord! with joy we bring,
Which thy own hand prepar'd.

2 We own thy various claim,
And to thine altar move,
The willing victims of thy grace,
And bound with cords of love.

3 Descend, celestial fire!
The sacrifice inflame!
So shall a grateful odour rise
Through our Redeemer's name.

---

44. L. M.

The Lord our Righteousness. Jer. xxiii. 6. Isa. liv. 17.

1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;

'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When, from the dust of death, I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies;
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
"Jesus hath liv'd, hath died for me."

3 Thus Abraham the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners thee proclaim;
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

4 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruin'd nature sinks in years:
No age can change its glorious hue,
The grace of Christ is ever new.

5 O let the dead now hear thy voice,
Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice!
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus the Lord, our righteousness.

---

45. S. M.

Rock. Isa. xxxii. 2. Psa. cv. 1. Cor. x. 4.

1 WHILST we are marching through
This land with drought accurs'd,
Rivers of living waters flow
In thee, to quench our thirst.

2 This world's a weary land;
By sin a desart made;
'Tis all around a burning strand;
Has no refreshing shade.

3 But thou'rt our mighty Rock;
Thy shadow very great!

Where all thy weary pilgrim flock
Find a divine retreat.

4 Though once with sin oppress'd,
From which no part was free;
Our grievances are now redress'd,
Dear, glorious Man, in thee.

5 In thee we now have found
Whate'er we lost, and more;
We see thy grace much more abound,
Than sin hath done before.

6 Thy praise be our employ;
Thy glories ever shine;
All our salvation, hope and joy,
Art thou, O Man Divine!

---

46. L. M.

Sacrifice. Isa. liii. 7, 8. 1 Cor. v. 7.

1 THE wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought,
Exceed our praise, surmount our thought;
Should I attempt the long detail
My speech would faint, my numbers fail.

2 No blood of beasts on altars spilt,
Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt;
But thou hast set before our eyes
An all-sufficient Sacrifice.

3 Lo! thine eternal Son appears,
To thy designs he bows his ears
Assumes a body well prepar'd,
And well performs a work so hard.

4 "Behold I come! (the Saviour cries,
With love and duty in his eyes;)
I come to bear the heavy load
Of sins, and do thy will, my God.

5 'Tis written in thy great decree,
'Tis in thy book foretold of me,
I must fulfil the Saviour's part;
And lo! thy law is in my heart.

6 I'll magnify thy holy law,
And rebels to obedience draw
When on my cross I'm lifted high,
Or to my crown above the sky.

7 The spirit shall descend and show
What thou hast done, and what I do;
The wond'ring world shall learn thy grace,
Thy wisdom and thy righteousness."

---

47. P. M. 8s. 7s. 4s.

Close of Service.

1 LORD dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
O! refresh us, Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.
May thy presence, With us evermore be found.

3 And whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad may we the call obey.
May we ever, Reign with Christ in endless day.

48. S. M.

Salvation, Righteousness and Strength. Isa. xlix. 6; lix. 16, 1 xxvi. 4. Ps. lxxi. 15, 16.

1 The Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne;
"Mercy and justice are the names
By which I will be known.

2 Ye dying souls, that sit
In darkness and distress,
Look from the borders of the pit
To my recovering grace."

3 Sinners shall hear the sound;
Their thankful tongues shall own
Our righteousness and strength is found
In thee, O Lord, alone.

4 In thee shall Israel trust,
And see their guilt forgiven;
God will pronounce the sinners just,
And take the saints to heaven.

---

49. L. M.

Trust in God. Ps. iv.

1 WHILE many cry, in Nature's night,
Ah! who will show the way to bliss?
Lord, lift on us thy saving light;
We seek no other guide than this.

2 Gladness thy sacred presence brings,
More than the joyful reaper knows;
Or he who treads the grapes, and sings,
While with new wine his vat o'erflows.

3 In peace I lay me down to sleep;
Thine arm, O Lord, shall stay my head,
Thine angel spread his tent, and keep
His midnight watch around my bed.

50. C. M.

Sun of Righteousness. Mal. iv. 2. Isa. xxx. 26. Psa. xix. 6.

1 JESUS, thou Sun of Righteousness,
All glorious and divine,
Thy people with thy presence bless;
In their assemblies shine.

2 Thy healing beams alone can cheer
Hearts pain'd with inward grief;
The soul oppress'd with guilt and fear
In thee finds sweet relief.

3 If thou thy righteousness display
And make thy merits known,
Sinners shall learn thy wond'rous grace,
And saints thy goodness own.

4 Our tongues shall thy redeeming love
With sacred rapture tell;
And loud resound Immanuel's praise,
Who saves from death and hell.

51. C. M.

Christian Zeal and Diligence.

1 ARE not thy mercies sovereign still,
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant us warmer zeal
To run the heavenly road?

2 We need the influence of thy grace,
To speed us in thy way,
Lest we should loiter in our race,
Or turn our feet astray.

3 Do not our hearts thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?
And yet how slow our spirits move,
Without enliv'ning grace!

4 But we shall love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When we have felt its quick'ning power,
To draw us near the Lord.

---

52. P. M. 7s.

Commencement of Public Worship.

1 AT the portals of thy house,
Lord! we leave our mortal cares;
Nobler thoughts our souls engage,
Songs of praise and fervent prayers:
Pure and contrite hearts alone,
Find acceptance at thy throne.

2 Hapless men, whose footsteps stray
From the temple of the Lord!
Teach them Zion's heavenly way,
To their feet thy light afford:
Let the world united join,
To extol thy love divine.

---

53. H. M.

The Lord's Day Morning.

1 AWAKE, our drowsy souls!
Shake off each slothful band!
The wonders of this day

Our noblest songs demand.
Auspicious morn, Thy blissful rays,
Bright seraphs hail, In songs of praise!

2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resign'd
The glorious Prince of life,
In the dark vault confin'd.
Th' angelic host Around him bends,
And, 'midst their shouts, The Lord ascends.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosanna rings;
While earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings.
Worthy art thou, Who once wast slain,
Thro' endless years To live and reign.

4 Gird on, great King, thy sword,
Ascend thy conquering car,
While justice, truth and love
Maintain the glorious war.
Victorious thou, Thy foes shall tread,
And sin and death In triumph lead.

5 Make bare thy potent arm,
And wing th' unerring dart,
With salutary pangs,
To each rebellious heart.
Then dying souls For life shall sue,
Numerous as drops Of morning dew.

---

54. L. M.

Praise. Psa. viii. 9. Isa. lx. 3.

1 O THOU, in whom the Gentiles trust,
Thou only holy, only just;
O tune our souls to praise thy name,
Jesus! unchangeable, the same!

2 Glory to thee, auspicious Lamb!
Thou holy Lord, thou great I Am!
With all our powers thy grace we bless;
Our joy, our peace, our righteousness!

3 Live, ever glorious Jesus! live,
Worthy all blessings to receive!
Worthy on high enthron'd to sit,
With every power beneath thy feet!

3 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for sinful man;
Let angels sound the sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen.

---

55. C. M.

Praise. Psa. lxvi. 1, 2. Isa. xii. 1, 2.

1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!
O may his love, (immortal flame!)
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 He left his radiant throne on high;
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die!—
Was ever love like this!

4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee;
May every heart with rapture say,
The Saviour died for me.

5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue;
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

---

56. C. M.

God the Refuge of the Afflicted.

1 AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave;
Though o'er our heads the billows roll,
We know the Lord can save.

2 When darkness, and when sorrows rose
And press'd on every side,
The Lord hath still sustain'd our steps,
And still hath been our guide.

3 Perhaps, before the morning dawn,
He will restore our peace;
For he who bade the tempest roar
Can bid the tempest cease.

4 In the dark watches of the night
We'll count his mercies o'er;
We'll praise him for ten thousand past,
And humbly plead for more.

5 Here will we rest, here build our hopes,
Nor murmur at his rod;
He's more to us than all the world,
Our health, our life, our God.

57. C. M.

Offices of Christ prophetically described. Isa. xxix. 18, xl. 45.

1 HARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On him, the spirit largely pour'd,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eye, oppress'd with night,
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And Heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

---

58. L. M.

Blessings of Grace to the Spiritual Citizen. Ps. xxiv.

1 THE earth is thine, Jehovah;—thine
Its peopled realms, and wealthy stores;
Built on the flood, by power divine,
The waves are ramparts to the shores.

2 But who shall reach thine holy place,
Or who, O Lord, ascend thine hill?
The pure in heart shall see thy face,
The perfect man that doth thy will.

3 He who to bribes hath closed his hand,
To idols never bent the knee,
Nor sworn in falsehood,—He shall stand
Redeem'd, and own'd, and kept by Thee.

---

59. L. M.

For the Dedication of a Place of Worship. Ps. lxxxvii. 5.

1 AND will the great eternal God
On earth establish his abode?
And will he from his radiant throne
Regard our temples as his own?

2 These walls we to thy honour raise;
Long may they echo with thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest blessings of thy grace.

3 And in the great transcendant day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory, here.

---

60. L. M.

The Types and Prophecies fulfilled in Christ. Rom. x. 4. 1 Pet. i. 19. John i. 24.

1 BEHOLD the woman's promis'd Seed!
Behold the great Messiah come!
Behold the prophets all agreed
To give him the superior room!

2 Abrah'm, the saint, rejoic'd of old
When visions of the Lord he saw ;
Moses, the man of God, foretold
This great Fulfiller of his law.

3 The types bore witness to his name,
Obtain'd their chief design and ceas'd ;
The incense, and the bleeding lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the priest.

4 Predictions in abundance meet,
To join their blessings on his head ;
Jesus, we worship at thy feet,
And nations own the promis'd seed.

---

61. P. M. 7s.

Praise. Psa. lxxii. 18, 19. Isa. xliv. 23

1 SURE thy name is Wonderful
Counsellor, the mighty God,
Whom the heavenly hosts adore,
Praise we through the earth abroad.

2 Thou the Godhead bearing down
To the sight of mortal man,
Flesh in form, and God in power,
Suited art to all thy plan.

3 Center'd in thy lovely face,
Judgment, mercy, both appear
All the Father's honour meets,
All his glory triumphs here.

4 Thou that Prophet art and King,
Thou the Priest foretold to rise :
Thou the sacrificer art,
Thou too art the sacrifice.

5 Lamb of God, that once was slain,
Bleeding on the painful tree;
Risen and ascended high
We adore thy majesty.

6 Wonderful art thou in power,
Wonderful art thou in love;
Be thou all our theme below,
Be thou all our heaven above.

---

62. L. M.

An Evening Hymn.

1 ANOTHER fleeting day is gone;
Slow o'er the west the shadows rise;
Swift the soft stealing hours have flown,
And night's dark mantle veils the skies.

2 Another fleeting day is gone;
Swift from the records of the year;
And still, with each successive sun,
Life's fading visions disappear.

3 Another fleeting day is gone,
To join the fugitives before;
And we, when life's employ is done,
Shall sleep, in time to wake no more.

4 Another fleeting day is gone:
But soon a fairer day shall rise,
A day whose never-setting sun
Shall pour its light o'er cloudless skies.

5 Another fleeting day is gone;
In solemn silence rest, my soul;
Bow down before his awful throne,
Who bids the morn and evening roll.

63. L. M.

A Morning Hymn.

1 AWAKE, each soul! and with the sun
The daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay the morning sacrifice.

2 By influence of the light divine
Let our own light to others shine;
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays,
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

3 Lord! we our vows to thee renew,
Scatter our sins as morning dew!
Guard our first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself our spirits fill.

4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All we design, or do, or say;
That all our powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

5 All praise to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd us while we slept:
Grant, Lord! when we from death awake,
We may of endless life partake.

---

64. C. M.

The Word made Flesh. John i. 14. 1 John i. 2.

1 MORTALS awake! with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love and gratitude combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tun'd the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the song, the joy was great,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.

5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song:
Good will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious, heavenly throng.

6 Hail, Prince of Life, for ever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth, and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

---

65. C. M.

Christ found in fashion as a man. Philip. ii. 6,7. John xiv. 8,9.

1 WHAT condescending grace and love
Did Christ for us display,
Who left the glorious worlds above,
To dwell in mortal clay!

2 He not th' angelic form assum'd,
Nor the celestial frame:
Though angels nobler natures boast,
And boast a nobler name.

3 Behold, of Abrah'm's faithful seed
The great Redeemer born;
See him, in mortal flesh appear,
Our nature to adorn!

4 It well the Saviour's love became,
A human form to wear,
That he might thus our guilt atone,
And our transgressions bear.

5 Jesus, our merciful High-Priest,
Inflam'd with love divine,
Redeem'd his people with his blood,
And did his life resign.

6 Then to the throne of sovereign grace,
Let us with joy draw near,
That we may gain a rich supply;
For all we want is there.

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66. L. M.

Worship.

1 GOD in his temple let us meet,
Low on your knees before Him bend;
Here hath he fixed his mercy-seat,
Here on his Sabbath we attend.

2 Arise into thy resting-place,
Thou, and thine ark of strength, O Lord!
Shine through the veil, we seek thy face;
Speak, for we hearken to thy word.

3 With righteousness thy priests array;
Joyful thy chosen people be;
Let those who teach and those who pray,
Let all—be holiness to Thee.

67. C. M.

The Grace and Love of Christ.

1 ALOUD we sing the wondrous grace,
Christ to his murd'rers bare;
Which made the tort'ring cross its throne,
And hung its trophies there.

2 "Father forgive," his mercy cried,
With his expiring breath,
And drew eternal blessings down
On those who wrought his death.

3 Jesus, this wondrous love we sing,
And while we sing, admire;
Breathe on our souls, and kindle there
The same celestial fire.

4 Sway'd by thy dear example, we
For enemies will pray;
By love, their hatred and their curse
With blessings we'll repay.

---

68. C. M.

Praise. Psa. cxiii. 1, 2. Mark xi. 9, 10.

1 AWAKE, awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord;
Let every heart, and every tongue
Adore th' eternal word.

2 That awful word, that sovereign power,
By whom the worlds were made—
(O happy morn! illustrious hour!)
Was once in flesh array'd!

3 Then shone almighty power and love
In all their glorious forms:
When Jesus left the throne above
To dwell with sinful worms.

4 To dwell with misery below,
The Saviour left the skies;
And sunk to wretchedness and woe,
That worthless man might rise.

5 Adoring angels tun'd their songs
To hail the joyful day;
With rapture then, let mortal tongues
Their grateful worship pay.

6 What glory, Lord, to thee is due!
With wonder we adore;
But could we sing as angels do,
Our highest praise were poor.

---

69. C. M.

The Song of Angels. Luke ii. 10, 11, 13, 14.

1 WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by nigl
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he, (for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind;)
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord!
And this shall be the sign;

4 The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Address'd their joyful song;

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will, henceforth, from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease."

---

70. L. M.

A general Hymn of Praise.

1 BE thou exalted, O our God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

2 With joyful voice we'll sound thy praise,
O thou, from whom all beings came;
Our hearts are fix'd, our tongues shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name.

3 In thee, O God, are all the springs
Of boundless love, and grace unknown;
The richest blessings nature brings,
Are gifts descending from thy throne.

4 High o'er the earth thy goodness reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
Thy truth to endless years remains,
Though lower worlds dissolve and die.

5 Be thou exalted, O our God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

71. P. M. 7s.

A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. Jer. xxxiii. 14, 1 Zeph. iii. 17. Cant. ii. 11, 12.

1 HARK ! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King !
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd.

2 Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies ;
Nature rise and worship Him,
Who is born at Bethlehem.

3 Christ, by highest heaven ador'd,
Christ, the everlasting Lord ;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of the virgin's womb.

4 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate Deity !
Pleas'd as man with men t' appear,
Jesus, our Immanuel here.

5 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness !
Light and life around he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings.

6 Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that men no more may die ;
Born to raise the sons of earth ;
Born to give them second birth.

---

72. L. M.

Praise from all mankind.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations ! bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, which all things made,
Gave life to clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,
He still supports our feeble frame;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

---

73. C. P. M.

Immanuel is born. Luke i. 68, 69, 70.

1 ARISE, and hail the happy day;
Cast all low cares of life away,
And thought of meaner things:
This day to cure our deadly woes,
The Sun of Righteousness arose,
With healing in his wings.

2 If angels, on that happy morn
The Saviour of the world was born,
Pour'd forth their joyful songs;
Much more should we of human race,
Adore the wonders of his grace
To whom that grace belongs.

3 O then let heaven and earth rejoice,
Let every creature join his voice,
To hymn the happy day,
When Satan's empire vanquish'd fell,
And all the powers of death and hell
Confess'd his sovereign sway.

74. S. M.

Attraction of the Cross. John xii. 32.

1 BEHOLD th' amazing sight!
The Saviour lifted high!
Behold the Son of God's delight
Expire in agony!

2 We see, and we admire,
In sympathy of love;
We feel the strong attractive power
To lift our souls above.

3 Drawn by such cords as these,
Let all the earth combine,
With cheerful ardour to confess
The energy divine.

4 In him our hearts unite;
Nor share his griefs alone,
But from his cross pursue their flight
To his triumphant throne.

75. C. M.

Christian Charity.

1 BEHOLD, where, breathing love divine,
Our dying Master stands!
His weeping foll'wers, gath'ring round,
Receive his last commands.

2 From that mild Teacher's parting lips
What tender accents fell!
The gentle precept which he gave
Became its author well.

3 Blęss'd is the man whose soft'ning heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never rais'd in vain;

4 He spreads his kind supporting arms
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unask'd relief.

5 To gentle offices of love,
His feet are never slow:
He views through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

6 To him protection shall be shown;
And mercy from above
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love.

---

76. C. M.

Praise. Psa. xxix. 2; xxiv. 1; lxvii. 5.

1 JOY to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King:
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

---

77. C. M.

The Example of Jesus.

1 BEHOLD, where in a mortal form
Appears each grace divine;
The virtues all in Jesus meet,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

3 'Mid keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood;
His foes ungrateful sought his life;
He labour'd for their good.

4 To God he left his righteous cause,
And still his task pursued;
While humble pray'r, and holy faith,
His fainting strength renew'd.

5 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his father's throne,
With soul resign'd, he bow'd and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

5 Be Christ our pattern, and our guide!
His image may we bear!
O may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share!

---

78. C. M.

Confidence founded in the fear of God.

1 BLESS'D is the man who fears the Lord:
His well establish'd mind,
In every varying scene of life,
Shall true composure find.

2 Oft through the deep and stormy sea,
The heavenly footsteps lie;
But on a glorious world beyond,
His faith can fix its eye.

3 Though dark his present prospects be,
And sorrows round him dwell,
Yet hope can whisper to his soul,
That all shall issue well.

4 Full in the presence of his God
Through every scene he goes;
And fearing him, no other fear
His steadfast bosom knows.

5 No dangers can his soul alarm,
No gloomy views affright;
For faith assures his humble heart,
"Whatever is, is right."

79. L. M.

The healing power of Jesus. Matt. viii. 16, 17; ix. 35; xi.

1 BEHOLD, the blind their sight receive!
Behold, the dead awake and live!
The dumb speak wonders! and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name!

2 Thus doth th' Eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of his Son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

3 He dies! the heavens in mourning stood;
He rises, and appears to God!
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die.

4 Hence and for ever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

---

80. C. P. M.

The Saviour's Invitation. Matt. xi. 28—30. Isa. lv. 1 Rev. xxii. 17.

1 YE scarlet-colour'd sinners, come;
Jesus, the Lord, invites you home;
O whither can you go?
What! are our crimes of crimson hue?
His promise is for ever true,
He'll wash you white as snow.

2 Backsliding souls, fill'd with your ways,
Whose weeping nights and wretched days
In bitterness are spent!

Return to Jesus, he'll reveal
His lovely face and sweetly heal
What you so much lament.

3 Tried souls! look up—he says, 'tis I—
He loves you still, but means to try
If faith will bear the test;
The Lord has given the chiefest good,
He shed for you his precious blood;
O trust him for the rest!

4 Ye tender souls, draw hither too,
Ye grateful, highly favour'd few,
Who feel the debt you owe;—
Press on, the Lord hath more to give;
By faith upon him daily live,
And you shall find it so.

---

81. S. M.

Faith in Christ, our sacrifice.

1 NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

3 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice
And sing his bleeding love.

82. C. M.

The Saviour's Message. Mark xvi. 15. Acts i.

1 HARK! 'tis the Saviour of mankind,
Speaks to his chosen few;
'Tis he who leads the wand'ring blind,
In ways they could not know.

2 'Tis he who says, "Go forth, my friends,
Proclaim my truth to all;
Inform each soul my grace extends
As wide as Adam's fall.

3 Tell sinners of the deepest dye,
That they might life obtain,
I chose the cursed death to die,
And bare their sin and pain!

4 What though my ransom'd may refuse
The message to receive;
And you the messengers abuse,
Yet still I came to save.

5 Yea, should the tempter still prevail,
To blind my people's eyes;
In my great day I'll rend the veil
From all beneath the skies.

6 Then every eye shall see the grace,
You now in faith declare:
And I myself, from every face,
Will wipe off every tear."

---

83. S. M.

Praise. Psa. lxviii. 4; ciii. 1, 4.

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
ing how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore.

Sing till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues;
ing till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.

Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing;
ing on, rejoicing every day,
In Christ th' eternal king.

Soon shall ye hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come;"
oon will he call you hence away,
And take his wand'rers home.

---

84. C. M.

The infinity of Christ's condescension. Psa. cxiii. 5, 6. Ephes. iv. 10.

SAVIOUR of men, and Lord of love,
How sweet thy gracious name!
With joy that errand we review,
On which thy mercy came.

While all thine own angelic bands
Stood waiting on the wing,
Charm'd with the honour to obey
Their great, eternal King;

For us—mean, wretched, sinful men—
Thou laid'st that glory by;
First in our mortal flesh to serve,
Then in that flesh to die.

4 Bought with thy service and thy blood,
We doubly, Lord, are thine;
To thee our lives we would devote,
To thee our death resign.

---

85. C. M.

The rich made poor for our sakes. 2 Cor. viii. 9. viii. 20.

1 JESUS, how glorious is thy grace!
How excellent thy name!
Unclouded heaven 's in thy face,
Thou venerable Lamb.

2 Though thou wast rich in righteousness,
Divinely pure within;
Yet didst thou feel hell's deep distress,
When made our curse and sin.

3 Though thou wast infinitely high
And rich, yet didst thou take
The deepest shame and poverty,
And for the sinner's sake:

4 That through thy poverty and loss,
We might be rich and bless'd;
And, by the labours of the cross,
Might gain eternal rest.

5 Our dearest Lord, we bless thy grace,
Thy wondrous love admire;
To see the beauties of thy face,
May all the world desire.

6 Live, Jesus, live for evermore;
Whilst all the sons of God
Thy glorious person shall adore,
And bless thy grace and blood.

86. L. M.

Jesus weeps for man. Luke xi. 35. Heb. v. 7.

1 SO fair a face bedew'd with tears!
What beauty e'en in grief appears!
He wept, he bled, he died for you;
What more, ye saints, could Jesus do.

2 Enthron'd above, with equal glow
His warm affections downward flow;
In our distress he bears a part,
And feels a sympathetic smart.

3 Still his compassions are the same,
He knows the frailty of our frame;
Our heaviest burdens he sustains,
Shares in our sorrows, and our pains.

---

87. S. M.

Support in Death. Psa. xxiii.

1 BEHOLD the gloomy vale,
Which thou, my soul! must tread,
Beset with terrors fierce and pale,
That leads thee to the dead.

2 Ye pleasing scenes, adieu!
Which I so long have known:
My friends, a long farewell to you!
For I must pass alone.

3 But see! a ray of light,
With splendor all divine,
Breaks through these dreary realms of night,
And makes their horrors shine.

4 Where death, where darkness reigns,
Jehovah is my stay;
His rod my trembling feet sustains,
His staff defends my way.

5 Great Shepherd! lead me on;
My soul disdains to fear;
Death's gloomy phantoms all are flown
Now life's great Lord is near.

88. S. M.

Christ the Tree of Life.

1 BEHOLD the living tree,
Th' inspired prophet saw;
Whose fruit is to all nations free,
Unguarded by the law.

2 No flaming swords defend
The garden's sacred ground;
No dire denunciations rend
The ear, with piercing sound.

3 Come, and its fruit partake,
Its healing leaves apply;
Its virtues will re-animate
And raise your spirits high.

4 'Tis for the nations' use,
To heal their every wound;
Its colours, and its balmy juice,
Make health and life abound.

5 'Tis Jesus Christ the Lord,
Prefigur'd by the tree;
The gospel is the healing word,
That sets the sinners free.

89. L. M.

Christ's humiliation and exaltation. Rev. i. 18. Philip.

1 WHAT equal honours shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes, that angels sing,
Are far inferior to thy name.

2 Power and dominion are his due,
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar;
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Though he was charg'd with madness there.

3 All riches are his native right,
Yet he sustain'd amazing loss;
To him ascribe eternal might,
Who left his weakness on the cross.

4 Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glories shine around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

5 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bare the curse for wretched men!
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen.

---

90. L. M.

Christ's Ascension. Psa. xxiv.

1 LIFT up your heads, ye gates, and wide
Your everlasting doors display;
Ye angel-guards, like flames divide,
And give the King of Glory way.

2 Who is the King of Glory?—He,
The Lord Omnipotent to save,
Whose own right arm in victory
Led captive death, and spoil'd the grave.

3 Lift up your heads, ye gates, and high
Your everlasting portals heave;
Welcome the King of Glory nigh;
Him let the heaven of heavens receive.

4 Who is the King of Glory?—Who?
The Lord of hosts;—behold his name;
The kingdom, power and honour due,
Yield him, ye saints, with glad acclaim.

91. C. M.

The perfect Law of Liberty.

1 BEHOLD that wise, that perfect law,
Which noblest freedom gives:
O may it all our souls refine,
And sanctify our lives.

2 Not with a transient glance survey'd,
And in an hour forgot,
But deep inscribed on every heart,
To reign o'er every thought.

3 Great Author of each perfect gift!
Thy gracious power display,
That our ungrateful, wandering hearts
May hearken and obey.

92. L. M.

Scripture Teachings, and their happy Consequences.

1 BRIGHT source of intellectual rays!
Father of spirits and of grace!
O dart, with energy unknown,
Celestial beamings from thy throne.

2 Thy sacred book we would survey,
Enlighten'd with that heavenly day!
And seek thine influence with the word,
To teach our souls to know the Lord.

3 So shall our children learn the road,
That leads them to their father's God;
And form'd by lessons so divine,
Shall infant minds with knowledge shine.

So shall the haughtiest soul submit,
With children plac'd at Jesus' feet;
The noisy swell of pride shall cease,
And thy sweet voice be heard in peace.

---

93. C. M.

Sabbath Morning. Psa. cxxii.

BEHOLD the rising dawn appear,
Which calls our willing feet
To tread thy courts, O God, and here
Our solemn praise repeat.

Fair Zion's gates are our delight;
Within her walls we stand;
And all her happy sons unite
In friendship's sacred band.

We love the place where Zion's Lord
Is pleas'd to shew his face;
Here he proclaims his holy word,
And here accepts our praise.

With reverend awe and godly fear,
We bow before thy throne;
For thou the fervent prayer wilt hear
Through thy beloved Son.

Peace be within this hallow'd place
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants bless'd.

Our soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains,
For here our friends and brethren dwell
And here our Saviour reigns.

94. C. M.

Humiliation and death of Christ.

1 BEHOLD the man !—thus Pilate spake,
Reluctant to comply ;
But all in vain,—the clamorous Jews
Demand that Christ shall die.

2 Come then, each soul, behold the man !
The silent sufferer see ;
The prisoner stands at Pilate's bar
To set the nations free.

3 Behold the Saviour, crown'd with thorns,
While cruel men deride ;
Behold they nail him to the tree,
And pierce his sacred side.

4 Amazing love ! he bleeds, he dies,
Our sins his murderers were !
These were the scourge, the thorns, the nai
And these the pointed spear.

5 But Jesus died that we might live,
Hence pleasing thoughts arise ;
He rose a mansion to prepare,
For us beyond the skies !

6 And when we join th' enraptur'd throng,
We shall his beauties trace ;
And sing the wonders of his love,
The riches of his grace !

---

95. C. M.

The Sufferings of Christ.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind,
Nail'd to the shameful cross ;
How vast the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for us !

2 Hark, how he groans ! while nations shake,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
And solid marbles rend!

3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid,
"Receive my soul," he cries!
See where he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head, and dies !

4 But soon he'll break death's heavy chain,
And in full glory shine :
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!

---

96. L. M.

Praise. Exod. xv. 1, 2. 1 Chron. xxix. 11.

1 WORTHY is Christ, our Paschal Lamb,
Who bow'd his head, and bore our shame,
On God's eternal throne to reign :
For he for us—for us, was slain.

2 For every people, land and tongue,
He calls his royal, conquering throng;
Let all thy hosts, thy grace confess,
And call thee, Lord, our Righteousness.

3 Let every spirit now with thee,
And all on earth and all on sea,
Thy wisdom bless, and fill thy throne
With worship due to Thee alone.

4 Be power and riches ever thine!
And strength and majesty divine!
By every creature reign ador'd,
The only, everlasting Lord.

97. C. M.

Christ precious in Life and Death.

1 BLESS'D Jesus, when our soaring thoughts
O'er all thy graces rove,
How are our souls in transport lost,
In wonder, joy, and love!

2 Not softest strains can charm our ears,
Like thy beloved name;
Nor aught beneath the skies inspire
Our hearts with equal flame.

3 Where'er we look, our wond'ring eyes
Unnumber'd blessings see;
But what is life with all its bliss,
When once compar'd with thee.

4 Hast thou a rival in our breast?
Search, Lord, for thou canst tell;
If aught can raise our passions thus,
Or please our souls so well.

5 No, thou art precious to our hearts,
Our portion and our joy;
For ever let thy boundless grace
Our sweetest thoughts employ.

6 When nature faints, around our bed
Let thy bright glories shine;
And death shall all his terrors lose,
In raptures so divine.

---

98. S. M.

The Resurrection of Christ.

1 CHRISTIANS! dismiss your fear,
Let hope and joy succeed;
The welcome news with gladness hear;
The Lord is risen indeed!

3 The shades of death withdrawn,
His eyes their beams display:
So wakes the sun, when rosy dawn,
Unbars the gates of day.

4 Angelic hosts above,
The rising Victor sing;
And all the shining seats of love,
With loud hosannas ring.

5 Ye pilgrims, too, below,
Your hearts and voices raise;
Let every breast with gladness glow,
And every mouth be praise.

---

99. L. M.

Acceptable Worship.

1 COME! pay the worship God requires,
Inflam'd with pure and holy fires;
When love celestial warms the breast,
Our homage and our vows are blest.

2 When piety, and truth refin'd
Possess the temple of the mind,
With grateful flames the altars glow,
And God will visit man below.

---

100. P. M. 7s.

Praise. Psa. lvii. 9, 10, 11; lxviii. 19, 20.

1 GLORY unto Jesus be,
From the curse he set us free;
All our guilt on him was laid,
He the ransom fully paid.

2 All his glorious work is done,
God's well pleased in his Son;
For he rais'd him from the dead,
And he reigns his church's Head.

3 His redeem'd his praise shout forth,
Ever glorying in his worth;
Angels sing around the throne,
"Thou art worthy! Thou alone!"

4 He will soon return again,
And his saints with him shall reign;
In this hope they joyful say,
"Come, Lord Jesus—come away."

---

101. L. M.

Necessity of divine teaching. Luke x. 22. 1 Pet. iii

1 OPPRESS'D with sin, by frailty pain'd,
My spirit bows beneath the rod;
Nor hopes its paradise regain'd
But through the pard'ning grace of God.
But ah! my heart, rebellious still,
E'en while it owns its God is just,
Finds pride resist that holy will
In which alone it ought to trust.

2 Faith prays, "Thy will, not mine be done
But when the hour of trial's near,
With patience still the race to run,
How feeble does that faith appear.
Dear Saviour! why so hard to me
To keep the path which Thou hast trod?
Oh! teach my heart to learn of Thee
"The way" that leads the soul to God.

3 Give me, blest Lamb! thy spirit mild,
That "ornament" of highest price;
Form thou my mind to be thy child,
Then shall I share thy paradise.
Then, may I hope, my soul shall shine
Adorn'd with honour's brightest gem;
And beam around the rays divine
That marked the babe of Bethlehem.

102. L. M.

The Death of the Lord of Glory. John xii. 32. Acts xiii. 27,28. Rom. viii. 34.

1 STRETCH'D on the cross, the Saviour dies!
Hark! his expiring groans arise!
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred crimson tide!

2 But life attends the deathful sound,
And flows from every bleeding wound;
The vital stream, how free it flows,
To cleanse and save his rebel foes!

3 And didst thou bleed—for sinners bleed,
And could the sun behold the deed?
No, he withdrew his sick'ning ray,
And darkness veil'd the mourning day.

4 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow;
And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
Insensible to love or pain?

5 Come, dearest Lord, thy power impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart;
Till all its powers and passions move,
In melting grief and ardent love.

---

103. C. M.

Intreating the Presence of Christ in his Churches.

1 COME, thou desire of all thy saints,
Our humble strains attend,
While with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.

2 When we thy wondrous glories hear,
And all thy sufferings trace,
What sweetly awful scenes appear!
What rich, unbounded grace!

3 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise;
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies.

4 But ah! the song, how cold it flows!
How languid our desire!
How faint the sacred passion glows,
Till thou the heart inspire.

5 Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

6 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here;
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

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104. L. M.

The Son of man lifted up. Luke xxiii. 33, 34. John Rom. viii. 32.

1 HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your load
He shed a thousand drops for you!
A thousand drops of richest blood!

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But, lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again!

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb!
The tomb in vain forbids his rise!
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns!
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster, Death, in chains:

6 Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King!"
Born to redeem, and strong to save;
Then ask the monster—"Where's thy sting?
And where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

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105. C. M.

The Crucifixion of Christ. Ephes. ii. 13—16; v. 2, 25—27.

1 YONDER—amazing sight! I see
Th' incarnate Son of God
Expiring on the accursed tree,
And shedding precious blood.

2 Behold, a purple torrent run
Down from his hands and head!
The crimson tide puts out the sun;
His groans awake the dead.

3 The trembling earth, the darken'd sky,
Proclaim the truth aloud;
And with the amaz'd centurion cry,
"This is the Son of God."

4 So great, so vast a sacrifice
May well my hope revive:
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure may live.

5 O, that these cords of love divine
Might draw me, Lord, to thee!
Thou hast my heart, it shall be thine—
Thine it shall ever be!

---

106. H. M.

The Lord is risen indeed. Matt. xii. 40; xxviii. 5, 6,

1 YES! the Redeemer rose;
The Saviour left the dead;
And o'er our hellish foes
High rais'd his conquering head:
In wild dismay The guards around
Fall to the ground, And sink away.

2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet:
Joyful they come, And wing their way
From realms of day To Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
The joyful news to bear:
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say, "Jesus who bled
Hath left the dead; He rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeem'd by him from hell;
And send the echo round

The globe on which you dwell:
Transported cry, "Jesus who bled
Hath left the dead No more to die."

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who sav'd us with thy blood;
Wide be thy name ador'd,
Thou rising, reigning God!
With thee we rise, With thee we reign,
And empires gain Beyond the skies.

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107. C. M.

God is Love.

1 COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And raise your thoughts above;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing that "God is love."

2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove,
Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears
To show that "God is love."

3 Behold his patience bearing long
With those who from him rove;
Till mighty grace their hearts subdue,
To teach them "God is love."

4 The work begins, is carried on
By power from heaven above;
And every moment when begun
Declares that "God is love."

5 O may we all, while here below,
This blessing well improve,
Till nobler praise in brighter worlds,
Proclaim that "God is love."

108. L. M.

"Blessed are they that mourn."

1 DEEM not that they are bless'd alone,
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep;
The God, who loves our race, has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are earnests of serener years.

3 O there are days of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night!
Grief may abide, an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

4 And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier,
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere,
Will give him to thy arms again.

5 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny;
Though with a pierc'd and broken heart,
And spurn'd of men, he goes to die.

6 For God hath mark'd each anguish'd day,
And number'd every secret tear;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

---

109. C. M.

Christ is risen and dieth no more. Mark x. 31; xvi. 6, Luke xxiv. 34.

1 THE Sun of Righteousness appears,
To set in blood no more:
Adore the scatterer of your fears,
Your rising God adore.

2 The saints, when he resign'd his breath,
Unclos'd their sleeping eyes;
He breaks again the bands of death,
Again the dead arise.

3 Alone the dreadful race he ran,
Alone the wine-press trod:
He died and suffer'd as a man,
He rises as a God.

4 In vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Forbid an early rise
To Him, who breaks the gates of hell,
And opens paradise.

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110. L. M.

Desire for God's Presence. Psa. lxiii.

1 O GOD, Thou art my God alone;
Early to Thee my soul shall cry;
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.

2 O that it were as it hath been,
When, praying in the holy place,
Thy power and glory I have seen,
And marked the footsteps of thy grace.

3 Yet, through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on Thee, my God;
Thine hand unseen upholds my ways,
I safely tread where Thou hast trod.

4 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light,
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

5 Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with Thee!

6 Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all thy mercy I will give;
My soul shall still in God rejoice,
My tongue shalt bless Thee while I live.

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111. P. M. 7s.

The Resurrection of the Lord. John xi. 25, 26. 1 Cor. 15. 55, 56, 57.

1 CHRIST, the Lord, is ris'n to day,
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye Heavens, and earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle's won:
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath open'd paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
"Where, O death, is now thy sting?"
Once he dy'd our souls to save;
"Where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

5 What though once we perish'd all,
Partners of our parents' fall;
Second life we now receive,
In our heavenly Adam live.

[ail, the Lord of earth and heaven!
raise to thee by both be given!
hee we greet triumphant now,
ail! the Resurrection—Thou.

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112. C. M.

The Lord's Day Morning.

GAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
nseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

what a night was that which wrapp'd
The heathen world in gloom!
what a sun, which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

nis day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
:t gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

:n thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
hich scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

sus, the friend of human kind,
Was crucified and slain!
:hold, the tomb its prey restores!
Behold, he lives again!

id while his conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies,
oken beneath his powerful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.

113. L. M.

Raised again for our justification. Rom. iv. 25 ; v. 10 ; vi

1 IN Jesus, who was crucified,
Alone we glory and confide ;
Let every tongue with joy confess,
The Lord, our strength and righteousness.

2 For us, redemption to obtain,
The spotless Lamb of God was slain ;
Saints, triumph in his glorious name,
Who by his death our foes o'ercame.

3 To banish all our griefs and fears,
For us the great High Priest appears ;
Jesus, that suffer'd in our stead,
For ever lives our cause to plead.

4 Behold, enthron'd at God's right hand,
Our powerful Intercessor stand !
The Father's reconciling face
Our joyful souls with rapture trace.

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114. C. M.

Praise. Psa. xxx. 4, 5 ; xlviii. 1 ; lxvi. 8, 9.

1 HOSANNA ! to the Prince of light,
That cloth'd himself in clay ;
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose ;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.

3 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his bless'd abode ;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

115. L. M.

Christian Privileges.

DOST thou thy children's name record
Free of thy holy city, Lord?
And are we sinners, call'd to share
The precious privileges there?

Shall we receive this grace in vain?
Shall we our great vocation stain?
Away, ye works in darkness wrought;
Away, each sensual, sinful thought!

3 Our souls, we charge them to excel,
In thinking right and doing well:
Deep let our searching powers engage,
Unbias'd, in the sacred page.

4 Heighten the force of good desire,
To deeds of shining worth aspire;
More firm in fortitude, despise
The world's seducing vanities.

5 Strong and more strong our passions rule,
Advancing still in virtue's school;
Contending still with noble strife,
To imitate our Saviour's life.

116. L. M.

The one Living and True God.

1 ETERNAL God! Almighty Cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown!
All things are subject to thy laws;
All things depend on Thee alone.

2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possess'd;
By none controll'd in thy commands,
And in thyself supremely bless'd.

3 Worship to thee alone belongs,
Worship to thee alone we give;
Thine be our hearts, and thine our songs,
And to thy glory may we live.

4 Spread thy great name through every lar
In every heart erect thy throne;
Subdue the world to thy command,
And as Thou art, reign God alone.

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117. L. M.

The Ascension of Christ unto Glory. Psa. xlviii. lxviii. 18.

1 CHRIST is gone up, our Lord and King,
With shouts of joy and trumpets' sound!
To Him repeated praises sing,
And let the cheerful song go round.

2 Your utmost skill in praise be shown
For Him who all the world commands;
Who sits upon his righteous throne,
And spreads his love to distant lands!

3 Ascending high, in triumph, thou
Hast gifts received for sinful men,
And captive led captivity,
That God may dwell on earth again.

4 Even rebels shall partake thy grace,
And humble proselytes repair
To worship at thy dwelling-place,
And all the world pay homage there.

5 For benefits, each day bestow'd,
Be daily his great name adored;
Who is our Saviour and our God,
Of life and death the sovereign Lord.

118. L. P. M.

Life, Death and Resurrection.

1 ETERNAL God, how frail is man!
Few are the hours, and short the span,
Between the cradle and the grave:
Who can prolong his vital breath?
Who from the bold demands of death
Hath skill to fly or power to save?

2 But let no murmuring heart complain,
That, therefore, man is made in vain,
Nor the Creator's grace distrust;
For though his servants, day by day,
Go to their graves, and turn to clay,
A bright reward awaits the just.

3 Jesus hath made thy purpose known,
A new and better life hath shown,
And we the glorious tidings hear;
For ever blessed be the Lord,
That we can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.

119. L. M.

Ascension of Christ. Acts i. 9; iii. 21. 1 Pet. iii. 22.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The heavenly hosts in anthems loud
Welcome the King of glory nigh.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors give way!"

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right;
Receive the King of glory in!

4 "Who is the King of glory, who?"
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"

6 "Who is this King of glory, who?"
The Lord of boundless power possess'd;
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever bless'd.

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120. P. M. 7s.

God is gone up with a shout. Mark xvi. 19. Luke xxiv

1 CLAP your hands, ye people all,
Praise the God on whom ye call;
Lift your voice and shout his praise,
Triumph in his sovereign grace.

2 Jesus is gone up on high,
Takes his seat above the sky;
Shout the angel choirs aloud,
Echoing to the trump of God!

3 Sons of men, the triumph join,
Praise him with the hosts divine;
Emulate the heavenly powers,
Their victorious Lord is ours!

4 Shout the God enthron'd above!
Trumpet forth his conquering love;
Praises to our Jesus sing,
Praises to our glorious King.

5 Power is all to Jesus given,
Power o'er hell, and earth, and heaven;
Jesus, power to us impart,
Then we'll praise with all our heart.

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121. L. M.

The year crowned with goodness.

1 ETERNAL Source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole:
By thee the sun is taught to rise,
And darkness, when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring at thy command,
Embalms the air, and paints the land;
The summer suns with vigour shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours,
Through all our coasts, redundant stores;
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

5 Seasons and months, and weeks and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

6 O may our more harmonious tongues,
Hereafter join in nobler songs;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

122. P. M. 7s.

Jesus Glorified. Acts i. 10, 11. Heb. i. 5.

1 HAIL the day that sees him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes!
Christ, a while to mortals given,
Reascends his native heaven;
There the glorious triumph waits,
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of glory in!

2 Him, though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own:
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his death he pleads;
Next himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

3 Master, (may we ever say)
Taken from our head to day,
See thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to thee!
Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Foll'wing thee beyond the skies.

4 Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, gasping after home;
There we shall with thee remain,
Happy in thine endless reign;
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heaven in thee.

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123. P. M. 7s.

Lift up your heads, ye everlasting doors. Psa. xxiv. 7—10.

1 ANGELS, roll the rock away;
Death, yield up thy mighty prey;
See! he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom. Hallelujah.

2 'Tis the Saviour! angels, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound. Hallelujah.

3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes;
Now to glory see him rise,
In long triumph up the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high. Hallelujah.

4 Heaven displays her portals wide;
Glorious Jesus, through them ride;
King of glory, mount thy throne,
Thy great Father's and thine own. Hallelujah.

5 Praise him all ye heavenly choirs;
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres;
Shout, O earth, in rapturous song!
Let the strains be sweet and strong. Hallelujah.

6 Every note with wonder swell,
And the Saviour's triumph tell:
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Where thy terrors, vanquish'd King? Hallelu

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124. C. M.

Praise. Psa. lxviii. 32; lxxiv. 12; lxxvi. 4.

1 O FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God the Sovereign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high,
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains:
Let all the earth his honours sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound;
Let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

5 In Israel stood his ancient throne,
He lov'd that chosen race;
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.

6 The Gentile nations are the Lord's,
There Abrah'm's God is known,
While powers and princes, shields and swor
Submit before his throne.

125. L. M.

The Exaltation of Christ. Isa. lii. 13. Psa. xviii. 44. Heb. ii. 7.

1 NOW let us raise our cheerful strains,
And join the blissful choir above!
There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And there they sing his wond'rous love.

2 While seraphs tune the immortal song,
O may we feel the sacred flame;
And every heart and every tongue
Adore the Saviour's glorious name.

3 Jesus, who once upon the tree
In agonizing pains expir'd;
Who died for rebels—yes, 'tis he!
How bright! how lovely! how admir'd!

4 Jesus, who died that we might live,
Died in the wretched traitor's place;—
O what returns can mortals give,
For such immeasurable grace!

5 Were universal nature ours,
And art with all her boasted store;
Nature and art with all their powers,
Would still confess the offerer poor.

6 Yet though for bounty so divine,
We ne'er can equal honours raise,
Jesus, may all our hearts be thine,
And all our tongues proclaim thy praise.

126. L. M.

Jesus exalted as a Prince and a Saviour. Acts v. 31. Isa. lxxxix. 27. Heb. ii. 8.

1 EXALTED Prince of life, we own
The royal honours of thy throne:
'Tis fix'd by God's almighty hand,
And seraphs bow at thy command.

2 Exalted Saviour, we confess
The sovereign triumphs of thy grace;
Where beams of gentle radiance shine,
And temper majesty divine.

3 Wide thy resistless sceptre sway,
Till all thine enemies obey:
Wide may thy cross its virtue prove,
And conquer millions by its love.

4 Mighty to vanquish, and forgive!
Thine Israel shall repent and live;
And loud proclaim thy healing breath,
Which works their life who wrought thy dea

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127. L. M.

Preserving Goodness.

1 ETERNAL God, we bless thy name,
The same thy power, thy grace the same;
The tokens of thy friendly care,
Open and close and crown the year.

2 Supported by thy guardian hand,
Amidst ten thousand deaths we stand;
And see, when we survey thy ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far thy arm hath led us on,
Thus far we make thy mercy known;
And whilst we tread this desart land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 Our grateful voice, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear, in thy bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

128. L. M.

The Triumphs of the Exalted. Psa. cx. 1—4.

1 THUS the eternal Father spake
To Christ the Son; "Ascend and sit
At my right hand, till I shall make
Thy foes submissive at thy feet.

2 From Zion shall thy word proceed;
Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
And bow their wills to thy command.

3 That day shall show thy power is great,
When saints shall flock with willing minds,
And sinners crowd thy temple gate,
Where holiness in beauty shines."

4 O blessed power! O glorious day!
What a large victory shall ensue!
And converts, who thy grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning dew.

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129. C. M.

The condescension of God.

1 ETERNAL Power, almighty God,
Who can approach thy throne?
Accessless light is thine abode,
To angel-eyes unknown.

2 Before the radiance of thine eye
The heavens no longer shine,
And all the glories of the sky
Are but the shade of thine.

3 Great God, and wilt thou condescend
To cast a look below,
To this vile world thy notice bend,
These seats of sin and woe?

4 But oh! to shew thy smiling face,
To bring thy glories near—
Amazing and transporting grace,
To dwell with mortals here!

5 How strange! how awful, is thy love!
With trembling we adore:
Not all th' exalted minds above,
Its wonders can explore.

6 While golden harps and angel tongues
Resound immortal lays,
Great God, permit our humble songs
To rise and mean thy praise.

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130. C. M.

Praise. 1 Chron. xvi. 31. Neh. ix. 5, 6.

1 NOT unto us, but Thee alone,
Bless'd Lamb, be glory given!
Here shall thy praises be begun,
And carried on in heaven.

2 The host of spirits now with thee
Eternal anthems sing;
To imitate them here, lo! we
Our hallelujahs bring.

3 Had we our tongues like them inspir'd,
Like theirs our songs should rise;
Like them we never should be tir'd,
But love the sacrifice.

4 Till we the veil of flesh lay down,
Accept our weaker lays;
And, when we reach thy Father's throne,
We'll give thee nobler praise.

131. C. M.

ned Lord of all. Isa. xi. 10. Heb. ii. 14. Rom. xi. 25, 26.

hail, the power of Jesus' name!
angels prostrate fall:
forth the royal diadem,
l crown him Lord of all.

losen seed of Israel's race,
emnant weak and small;
him, who saves you by his grace,
l crown him Lord of all.

entile sinners, ne'er forget
e wormwood and the gall;
spread your trophies at his feet,
d crown him Lord of all.

s, men, and sires, who know his love;
lo feel your sin and thrall,
joy with all hosts above,
d crown him Lord of all.

very kindred, ev'ry tribe,
this terrestrial ball,
m all majesty ascribe,
d crown him Lord of all.

at with yonder sacred throng,
e at his feet may fall!
join the everlasting song,
d crown him Lord of all.

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132. L. M.

er liveth to make Intercession. Heb. vii. 25. Rom. viii. 27.

ives, the great Redeemer lives,
lt joy the blest assurance gives!)
now before his Father God,
ls the full merit of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice, arm'd with frowns, appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 Here then, ye black despairing thoughts,
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

4 In every dark distressful hour,
When sin and satan join their power;
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

5 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend—
On him our humble hopes depend:
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads and must prevail.

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133. P. M. 10s & 11s.

Praise. 2 Sam. xxi. 47. 1 Chron. xvi. 34.

1

OUR shepherd alone the Lord, let us bless;
Who sits on the throne, the Prince of our pe
Who evermore saves us by shedding his bloo
All hail, holy Jesus, our Lord and our Go

2

We daily will sing thy merits and praise,
Thou merciful spring of pity and grace:
Thy kindness for ever to men we will tell,
And say our dear Saviour redeems us from

3

Preserve us in love while here we abide,
Nor ever remove, nor cover, nor hide
Thy glorious salvation, till joyful we see
The beautiful vision completed in Thee!

134. C. M.

: times of refreshing. Isa. xxv. 6. Exod. xxxi. 17. Isa. xi. 9.

ON Zion, his most holy mount,
God will a feast prepare;
And Israel's sons, and Gentile lands,
Shall in the banquet share.

Marrow and fatness are the food
His bounteous hand bestows:
Wine on the lees, and well refin'd,
In rich abundance flows.

See, to the vilest of the vile
A free acceptance given!
See rebels, by adopting grace,
Sit with the heirs of heaven.

The pain'd, the sick, the dying, now
To ease and health restor'd,
With eager appetites partake
The plenties of the board.

But O, what draughts of bliss unknown,
What dainties shall be given,
When, with the myriads round the throne,
We join the feast of heaven!

There joys immeasurably high
Shall overflow the soul,
And springs of life, that never dry,
In countless channels roll.

---

135. L. M.

he great Jubilee. Numb. x. 10. Isa. xxvii. 13. 1 Cor. xv. 23.

LOUD let the tuneful trumpet sound,
And spread the joyful tidings round:
Let every soul with transport hear,
And hail the Lord's accepted year.

2 Ye debtors, whom he gives to know,
That you ten thousand talents owe,
When humbled at his feet you fall,
Your gracious God forgives them all.

3 Slaves, that have borne the heavy chain
Of sin and hell's tyrannic reign,
To liberty assert your claim,
And urge the great Redeemer's name.

4 The rich inheritance of heaven,
Your joy, your boast, is freely given;
Fair Salem your arrival waits,
With golden streets and pearly gates.

5 Her blest inhabitants no more
Bondage and poverty deplore;
No debt, but love immensely great,
The joy still rises with the debt.

6 O happy souls, that know the sound!
Celestial light their steps surround,
And shew the jubilee begun,
Which through eternal years shall run.

---

136. L. M.

Ordination of a Minister. Psa. lxxii.

1 FATHER of mercies! in thy house,
We pay our homage and our vows;
While with a grateful heart we share
These pledges of our Saviour's care.

2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose,
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

3 Hence sprang th' apostle's honour'd name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame;
Hence dictates the prophetic sage,
And hence the evangelic page.

4 In lower forms, to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence, and teachers, rise;
Who, though with feebler rays they shine,
Still mark a long extended line.

5 So shall the bright succession run,
Through all the courses of the sun;
Whilst unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.

6 Jesus, our Lord, their hearts shall know,
The spring whence all these blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout his praise,
Through the long round of endless days.

---

137. P. M. 11s.

God glorified for his power and goodness. Psa. xxix.

1

GIVE glory to God in the highest; give praise,
Ye noble, ye mighty, with joyful accord;
All-wise are his counsels, all-perfect his ways;
In the beauty of holiness worship the Lord.

2.

The voice of the Lord on the ocean is known,
The God of eternity thundereth abroad;
The voice of the Lord, from the depth of his throne,
Is terror and power;—all nature is awed.

3

At the voice of the Lord the cedars are bow'd,
And towers from their base into ruin are hurl'd;
The voice of the Lord, from the dark bosom'd cloud,
Dissevers the lightning in flames o'er the world.

The voice of the Lord through the calm of the
Awakens its echoes, strikes light through its c
The Lord sitteth King on the turbulent flood;
The winds are his servants, his servants the w

5

The Lord is the strength of his people; the L
Gives health to his people, and peace evern
Then throng to his temple, his glory record,
But, O! when He speaketh, in silence ador

---

138. L. M.

Blessed in Him with all spiritual blessings. Eph. i. 3. lxxii. 17.

1 WHAT blessings in the Lamb abound!
To all who know the joyful sound;
Thy countenance, O Lord, shall shine
On them with brightness all divine.

2 The grievances which them oppress'd,
In Jesus now they see redress'd;
This mercy we thy children prove,
And bless thy grace, thou God of love.

3 Infinite Wisdom! all our days
Will we admire thy pleasant ways;
Thy paths are peace, we'll run and bless
The Lord our life and righteousness.

---

139. L. M.

God's Omniscience and Omnipresence.

1 FATHER of all! omniscient Mind!
Thy wisdom who can comprehend?
Its highest point what eye can find,
Or to its lowest depths descend?

What cavern deep, what hill sublime,
Beyond thy reach, shall I pursue?
What dark recess, what distant clime,
Shall hide me from thy boundless view?

If up to heaven's ethereal height,
Thy prospect to elude, I rise;
In splendor there, supremely bright,
Thy presence shall my sight surprise.

Thee, mighty God! my wondering soul,—
Thee, all her conscious powers adore;
Whose being circumscribes the whole,
Whose eyes the universe explore.

Thine essence fills this breathing frame,
It glows in every vital part;
Lights up our souls with livelier flame,
And feeds with life each beating heart.

To Thee, from whom our being came,
Whose smile is all the heaven we know,
Inspir'd with this exalted theme,
To Thee our grateful strains shall flow.

---

140. L. M.

Public Worship. Psa. lxv.

FOR thee, O God, our constant praise
In Zion waits, thy chosen seat;
Our promis'd altars there we'll raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.

O thou, who to our humble prayer
Didst always bend thy list'ning ear,
To thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.

3. Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stop thy flowing mercy try;
For thou wilt purge the guilty stain,
And wash away the crimson dye.

4 Blest is the man, who near thee placed,
Within thy sacred dwelling lives;
Whilst we at humble distance taste
The vast delight thy worship gives.

---

141. P. M. 8s. 7s.

Surrounding the Mercy Seat.

1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and fond desires,
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.
From the fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes;
Mercy from above, proclaiming
Peace and pardon from the skies.

2 Who may share this great salvation?
Every pure and humble mind;
Every kindred, tongue and nation,
From the dross of guilt refined:
Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.

3 Every stain of guilt abhorring,
Firm and bold in virtue's cause;
Still thy providence adoring,
Faithful subjects to thy laws.
Lord! with favour still attend us,
Bless us with thy wond'rous love;
Thou our sun and shield, defend us;
All our hope is from above.

142. C. M.

Door. John x. 7, 9, 16.

AWAKE, our souls, and bless his name,
Whose mercies never fail;
Who opens wide a door of hope
In Achor's gloomy vale.

Behold the portal wide display'd,
The building strong and fair;
Within are pastures fresh and green,
And living streams are there.

Enter, my soul, with cheerful haste,
For Jesus is the door:
Nor fear the serpent's wily arts,
Nor fear the lion's roar.

O, may thy grace the nations lead,
And Jews and Gentiles come,
All travelling through one beauteous gate
To one eternal home!

---

143. S. M.

Heaven.

FAR from these scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

There sickness never comes,
There grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And purest pleasure reigns.

No strife, nor envy there
The sons of peace molest;
But harmony, and love sincere,
Fill every happy breast.

4 No cloud those regions know,
For ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

5 There night is never known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray;
But glory from th' eternal throne
Spreads everlasting day.

6 O may this prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love!
And lively faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above.

---

144. C. M.

Forgiver of Sin. Mal. ix. 2. Coloss. i. 14. Psa. ciii. 3.

1 WHAT saving power, what grace divine,
To Jesus doth belong;
Jesus, the most delightful theme
Of each believer's song.

2 'Tis the divine prerogative
Of him whom we adore,
Pardon and endless life to give,
To souls condemn'd before.

3 His miracles his power proclaim,
His grace, in them express'd,
Invites the weak and helpless soul
Beneath his care to rest.

4 "Be of good cheer," the Saviour cries,
"Behold thy sins forgiven;"
And straight the pardon ratifies,
And seals our peace with heaven.

5 Sinners with pleasing wonder hear
Salvation's joyful sound!
While hope and love their breasts inspire,
His praises they resound.

145. C. M.

The Lord's Prayer.

1 FATHER in heaven! thy sacred name
In hallowed strains be sung;
Thy kingdom spread o'er all the earth;
Thy praise fill every tongue.

2 By happy spirits round thy throne,
As thy commands are done,
So be thy perfect will obey'd
By all beneath the sun.

3 Our numerous wants are known to thee,
Who canst alone supply;
O grant each day, our daily bread,
Nor other good deny!

4 Forgive our sins, as we forgive
The wrongs that others do;
Nor let temptations press around,
Lest we those sins renew.

5 Thou art our safety and defence,
When dangers threat'ning stand;
O turn aside impending ills,
With thy almighty hand!

6 Thy sceptre all creation sways;
Thy power knows no control;
Thy matchless glory shall endure,
While endless ages roll.

146. L. M.

The bounties of Providence acknowledged. Matt. iv. 45.

1 FATHER of light! we sing thy name,
Who kindlest up the lamp of day;
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,
His beams thy power and love display.

2 Fountain of good! from thee proceeds,
In copious drops, the genial rain,
Which o'er the hills, and through the meads,
Revives the grass, and swells the grain.

3 Through the wide world thy bounties spread;
Yet thousands of our guilty race,
Though by thy daily bounty fed,
Neglect thy law, reject thy grace.

4 Not so may our forgetful hearts
O'erlook the tokens of thy care;
But what thy liberal hand imparts,
Still own in praise, still ask in prayer.

5 So shall our suns more grateful shine,
And showers in richer drops shall fall,
When all our hearts and lives are thine,
And thou, O God! enjoy'd by all.

---

147. P. M. 7s. 6s.

Blessing of Christ's Kingdom. Psa. lxxii.

1 HAIL to the Lord's anointed!
Great David's greater Son;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;

To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall come down, like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth.
Before Him on the mountains,
Shall Peace the herald go;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

4 For Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

5 O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
That name to us is—Love.

148. C. M.

The Power of Faith.

1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares;
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all our cares.

2 It quells the raging flames of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.

3 The wounded conscience knows its power,
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign
And bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain.

5 It shows the precious promise seal'd
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps our feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

6 On that bright prospect may we rest,
Till this frail body dies;
And then on love's triumphant wings,
To endless glory rise.

---

149. C. M.

Trust in God through all the changes in life.

1 FATHER divine! before thy view,
All worlds, all creatures lie;
No distance can elude thy search,
No action 'scape thine eye.

2 From Thee our vital breath we drew;
Our childhood was thy care;
And vigorous youth and feeble age,
Thy kind protection share.

3 Whate'er we do, where'er we turn,
Thy ceaseless bounty flows;
Oppress'd with woe, when nature faints,
Thine arm is our repose.

4 To Thee we look, thou Power supreme;
O, still our wants supply!
Safe in thy presence may we live,
And in thy favour die.

---

150. L. M.

Glory and grace in Immanuel. 1 Cor. i. 31. 2 Cor. x. 17. Isa. xlv. 25.

1 NOW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue!
Hosanna to th' eternal Name,
And all his boundless love proclaim:

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace:
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth, and spreading flood,
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God,
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star:

4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of thine hands:
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name!
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!

6 Oh, may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face;
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold!

151. L. M.

Acceptance with God.

1 FROM north to south, from east to west,
Advance the myriads of the bless'd;
From every clime of earth they come,
And find in heaven a common home.

2 In one immortal throng we view
Pagan and Christian, Greek and Jew;
But all their doubts and darkness o'er,
One only God they now adore.

3 Howe'er divided here below,
One bliss, one spirit, now they know;
Though some ne'er heard of Jesus' name,
Yet grace admits their humble claim.

152. H. M.

Divine Power and Grace. Ps. cxxxvi.

1 GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The sovereign King of kings,
And be his grace ador'd.
His power and grace are still the same;
And let his name have endless praise.

is wisdom fram'd the sun,
To crown the day with light;
he moon and twinkling stars,
To cheer the darksome night.
h's utmost ends his power obey;
glorious sway the sky transcends.

e doth the wants supply
Of every thing which lives,
e hears affliction's cry,
And pities and forgives.
mercies sure, just themes of praise,
ndless days unchang'd endure.

e sent his only Son,
To save us from our woe,
rom error, sin, and death,
And every hurtful foe.
le earth and sky declare his praise,
saints shall raise his honours high.

ive thanks aloud to God,
To God, the heavenly King,
nd let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.
power and grace are still the same;
let his name have endless praise.

---

153. L. P. M.

God the unfailing source of good.

IVE to the Lord, in cheerful songs,
he praise that to his name belongs,
Whose goodness still unceasing flows;
epeat His name with grateful mind,
ho, ever good and ever kind,
Nor change nor variation knows.

2 Sovereign alone of earth and sky!
On Thee, for every hour's supply,
Thy various creatures all depend;
Man, whom thy light has given to know
The source whence all his blessings flow,
Views in his God his kindest friend!

3 Yet still our notes we'll higher raise,
To celebrate in ardent praise
Eternal life through Jesus given;
Thy gracious messenger he came,
(For ever blessed be thy name!)
And pointed out the way to heaven.

---

154. L. M.

Image of the Invisible. Heb. i. 3.

1 NOW, in the face of Jesus, we
God's brightest form of glory see;
Beaming with mild and heavenly rays,
He all his Father's grace displays.

2 Blest image of th' eternal God,
Here his rich glories shine abroad;
With a resplendent lustre shine
His power, his truth, and love divine.

3 Of all creation the first born;
Of all that heaven's bright courts adorn,
He as a Prince and Sovereign reigns;
Almighty power his throne sustains.

4 See Jesus, our exalted Head,
By whom the heavens and earth were made
Subjected to his high command,
Thrones, kingdoms and dominions stand.

d th' eternal Fulness well,
st the Lord alone to dwell;
is rich Fountain freely flows
ete relief for all our woes.

---

155. C. M.

of Christ. Rom. xi. 15. Psa. lxxxix. 29. Zech. ix. 10.

LO! what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are pass'd away,
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorn'd with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

4 The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode;
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he, the loving God.

5 His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye,
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die."

6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long!
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring *the welcome* day.

156. H. M.

Kingdom of Christ over all. Mat. iv. 16. Rev. xix. 6. lxxii. 8. Phil. iv. 4.

1 REJOICE, the Lord is King!
Your God and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

2 Rejoice, the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven!
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

4 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy;
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus, the judge, shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice!

157. L. M.

Lamb of God bearing away sin. John i. 36. Rev. v. 12.

1 BEHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb
With wonder, gratitude and love!
To take away our guilt and shame,
See him descending from above.

2 Our sins and griefs on him were laid;
He meekly bore the mighty load;
Our ransom price he fully paid
In groans and tears, and sweat and blood.

3 To save a guilty world he dies;
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb!
To Him lift up your longing eyes,
And hope for mercy in his name.

4 Pardon and peace through Him abound;
He can the richest blessings give;
Salvation in his name is found,
He bids the dying sinner live.

5 Jesus, my Lord, I look to thee;
Where else can helpless sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set me free
From all my sin, and guilt, and woe.

---

158. P. M. 8s. 7s. 4s.

Christ's finished work.

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
It is finish'd! Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 It is finish'd ! O what pleasure
Do those charming words afford;
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
It is finish'd! Saints the dying words record.

3 Finish'd, all the types and shadows
Of the prophesying law;
Finish'd, all that God had promis'd,
Death and hell no more shall awe.
It is finish'd ! Saints, from hence your comfort d

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs!
Join to sing the glorious theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name !
Hallelujah ! Glory to the bleeding Lamb !

---

159. L. M.

Lamb slain before the foundation of the world. Rev. v
1 Pet. i. 20.

1 HOW shall our feeble lips proclaim
The honours of the Saviour's name !
Or how the gratitude declare,
Our hearts inflamed to Jesus bear ?

2 To manifest his wond'rous love,
Behold he leaves the worlds above !
From climes of bliss beyond the sky,
Swift he descends, to bleed and die.

3 Lo, he again from death revives !
Jesus, the great Redeemer, lives;
High seated on his Father's throne,
He sheds his choicest blessings down.

160. C. M.

God the Creator and Preserver.

1 GREAT first of beings! mighty Lord!
We praise thy glorious name;
Produc'd by thy creating word,
Arose this mighty frame.

2 Thy voice sent forth the high command;
'Twas instantly obey'd;
And through thy goodness all things stand,
Which by thy skill were made.

3 By Thee, through fields of azure, roll
Unnumber'd worlds above;
Thy mighty hand sustains the whole;
Each creature shares thy love.

4 By Thee, the sun dispenses heat,
And beams of cheering day;
By Thee, the stars, in order set,
At night thy power display.

5 By Thee, the earth its product yields,
And countless myriads live;
And trees and plants adorn the fields,
And their rich treasures give.

6 To Thee, all-gracious Power! we bow,
And would ourselves resign;
Accept the praise, accept the vow,
And make us wholly thine.

---

161. L. M.

For the Lord's Day Morning.

1 GREAT God! this sacred day of thine,
Demands our soul's collected powers;
May we employ in work divine,
These solemn, these devoted hours!

2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly;
Where God resides, appear no more:
Omniscient God! thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore.

3 Thy word of life dispensed to-day,
Invites us to a heavenly feast;
May every ear the call obey,
Be every heart an humble guest!

4 Thy gracious aid, O God! impart;
O may thy word with life divine,
Engage the ear and warm the heart!
Then shall the day indeed be thine.

---

162. L. M.

Delight in Public worship.

1 FAR from our thoughts, vain world, begone.
Let our religious hours alone;
Fain would our eyes the Saviour see,
And wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 Our hearts grow warm with holy fire,
And kindle with a pure desire;
Come, dear Redeemer, from above,
And feed our souls with heavenly love.

3 Bless'd Saviour! what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace, in Jesus' love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

163. L. P. M.

Offices of Christ. Matt. xi. 5. Mark vi. 56. John xxi. 25.

1 SAGES of ancient letter'd times,
In every age and different climes,
For wisdom famed among mankind,
Withdraw your thinly scatter'd rays
Before the broad o'erpowering blaze
Of the supreme, eternal Mind.

2 Mercy's great year in heaven enroll'd,
By seers succeeding seers, foretold,
Was now with solemn pomp unseal'd:
Light of the world, Messiah came
In his almighty Father's name,
And immortality reveal'd.

3 Fill'd with his Father's strength, he taught;
The dumb in rapture speak their thought;
The lame man bounding like the roe;
The blind looks up to heaven; stern death
Resigns his spoil: and from his breath
Fierce demons shrink to shades below.

4 O, works of power! O, works of love!
Ethereal embassage to prove,
That every rising doubt control;
Earnest of love and power more strong,
Which to the Son of God belong,
To heal the miseries of the soul.

5 Great Prophet, Saviour! worthy Thou
That every knee in homage bow;
From every mouth thy praise should flow;
All thy commands are mild and just,
Thy promise, faithful to our trust,
Will pardon, peace, and heaven bestow.

164. C. M.

Man mortal, and God eternal. Psa. xc.

1 O GOD! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

3 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

4 But, like an ever-flowing stream,
Time bears its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

5 Like flowery fields the nations stand,
Pleased with the morning light:
The flowers beneath the mower's hand,
Lie withering ere 'tis night.

6 Our God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come!
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

---

165. C. M.

High Priest, Merciful and Faithful. Heb. ii. 17; vii. 2

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.

4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power,
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

166. C. M.

Christ glorified as King of Nations. Psa. xlvii.

1 EXTOL the Lord, the Lord most high,
King over all the earth;
Exalt his triumphs to the sky
In songs of sacred mirth.
Where'er the sea-ward rivers run,
His banner shall advance,
And every realm beneath the sun
Be his inheritance.

2 God is gone up with loud acclaim,
And trumpets' tuneful voice;
Sing praise, sing praises to his name;
Sing praises, and rejoice.

Sing praises to our God; sing praise
To every creature's King;
His wond'rous works, his glorious ways,
All tongues, all kindred sing.

3 God sits upon his holy throne,
God o'er the heathen reigns;
His truth through all the world is known,
That truth his throne sustains.
Princes around his footstool throng,
Kings in the dust adore;
Earth and her shields to God belong;
Sing praises evermore.

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167. P. M. 7 s. 6 s. 8 s.

Redeemer. Ephes. i. 17. Colos. i. 14.

1 MY Redeemer, let me be
Quite happy at thy feet,
Still to know myself and Thee,
Be this my bitter sweet:
Look upon my infant state,
And with a father's yearning bless;
Don't thy ransom'd child forget,
Nor leave me in distress.

2 Thy blest smiles, my gracious Lord,
Shall cheer my drooping heart;
I'm instructed in thy word
That thou unchanging art;
Draw me to the depth profound
Of all thy sorrows, blood and sweat,
Passing on, through every wound
Unto thy mercy-seat:

3 There, reclining on thy breast,
Th' eternal Sabbath find:
Proving in Thee perfect rest
To my poor labouring mind:

Waiting till the Lord I see,
And be like him for ever pure,
At the heavenly jubilee
This bliss to me is sure.

---

168. L. M.

Confidence in God. Psa. xlvi.

1 GOD is our refuge and defence,
In trouble our unfailing aid;
Secure in his omnipotence,
What foe can make our soul afraid!
Yea, though the earth's foundations rock,
And mountains down the gulf be hurl'd,
His people smile amid the shock,
They look beyond this transient world.

2 There is a river pure and bright,
Whose streams make glad the heavenly plains,
Where, in eternity of light,
The city of our God remains.
Built by the word of his command,
With his unclouded presence blest,
Firm as his throne the bulwarks stand;
There is our home, our hope, our rest.

3 Thither let fervent faith aspire;
Our treasure and our heart be there;
O for a seraph's wing of fire!
No,—on the mightier wings of prayer,—
We reach at once that last retreat,
And, rang'd among the ransom'd throng,
Fall with the Elders at *his* feet,
Whose name alone inspires their song.

4 Ah, soon; how soon! our spirits droop;
Unwont the air of heaven to breathe:

Yet God in very deed will stoop,
And dwell Himself with men beneath.
Come, to thy living temples, then,
As in the ancient times appear;
Let earth be paradise again,
And man, O God, thine image here.

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169. L. M. Six Line.

Shepherd. John x. 11. Isa. xl. 11.

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

170. C. M.

God our constant Benefactor.

1 GREAT God! to thee our grateful tongues
United thanks would raise;
Inspire our hearts to raise the song
Which celebrates thy praise.

2 From thine almighty forming hand
We drew our vital powers;
Our time revolves at thy command,
In all its circling hours.

3 Thy power, our ever present guard,
From every ill defends;
While numerous dangers hover round,
Our help from Thee descends.

4 Beneath the shadow of thy wings,
How sweet is our repose!
Thy morning light renews the springs
From whence our comfort flows.

5 In celebration of thy praise,
May we employ our breath;
And walking steadfast in thy ways,
We'll triumph over death.

---

171. L. M.

Praise to God. Psa. c.

1 WITH one consent, let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise:

2 Convinced that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

3 O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.

4 For he's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

172. L. M.

The Pleasures of Devotion.

1 GOD of our strength! to Thee we cry;
To Thee, our surest refuge, fly:
O may thy light attend our way,
Thy truth afford its cheering ray.

2 Conduct us to thy hallow'd seat,
Where wisdom, truth and mercy meet;
And there, in all their best array,
Our hearts their richest gifts shall pay.

3 Thy mercies, to our hearts reveal'd,
A theme of endless transport yield;
Thy love does all our bosoms fire,
Thy praise does all our songs inspire.

4 In all our cares, in all our woes,
On God our steadfast hopes repose:
To God our thanks shall still be paid,
Our sure defence, our constant aid.

173. P. M. 10s.

Devout aspirations.

1 GOD, our kind Master, merciful and just,
Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust:
His ear is open to the softest cry;
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye.

2 He reads the language of the silent tear,
And sighs are incense from an heart sincere;
He marks the dawn of every virtuous aim,
And fans the smoking flax into a flame.

3 O set us from all earthly bondage free;
Still every wish that centres not in Thee:
Bid our fond hopes, our vain disquiets cease,
And point our path to everlasting peace.

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174. H. M.

The House of Prayer.

1 GREAT Father of mankind,
We bless that wond'rous grace,
Which could for gentiles find,
Within thy courts, a place.
How kind the care our God displays,
For us to raise an house of prayer!

2 Once we were strangers here,
But now approach the throne;
For Jesus brings us near,
And makes our cause his own.
Strangers no more, to Thee we come;
And find our home, and rest secure.

3 To Thee our souls we join,
And love thy sacred name;
No more our own, but thine,
We triumph in thy claim.
Our Father, King, thy covenant grace
Our souls embrace, thy glories sing.

4 Here in thy house we feast
On dainties all divine;
And whilst such food we taste,
With joy our faces shine.
Incense shall rise from flames of love,
And God approve the sacrifice.

5 May all the nations throng,
To worship in thy house;
Wilt thou attend the song,
And hear their ardent vows!
Indulgent still, till earth conspire
To join the choir, on Zion's hill.

---

175. C. M.

For a vacant Congregation on the death of its Minister.

1 THOUGH mortal shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young;
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute th' instructive tongue;

2 The eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

3 To Him, when earthly comforts fail,
His suppliant people fly;
And, on his never-ceasing care,
With cheerful hope, rely.

4 The powers of nature, Lord! are thine,
And thine the aids of grace;
Thine arm has borne thy churches up,
Through every rising race.

5 Exert thy sacred influence here;
Thy mourning servants bless:
O change to strains of cheerful praise,
Their accents of distress!

176. C. M.

The God of Nature invoked.

1 HAIL, great Creator, wise and good!
To Thee our songs we raise;
Nature, through all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.

2 At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Fresh wonders strike our view;
And while we gaze, our hearts exult,
With transports ever new.

3 Thy glory beams in every star
Which gilds the gloom of night;
And decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.

4 The lofty hill, the humble vale,
With countless beauties shine:
The silent grove, the awful shade,
Proclaim thy power divine.

5 Great nature's God! still may these scenes
Our serious hours engage;
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy works' instructive page!

6 And while, in all thy wond'rous works,
Thy varied love we see;
Still may the contemplation lead
Our hearts, O God! to thee.

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177. C. M.

Heavenly Wisdom. Proverbs iii. 13—17.

1 HOW happy is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice!

2 Wisdom has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all the gain of gold.

3 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy days;
Her left, the prize of bright renown,
And boundless wealth displays.

4 She guides the young with innocence,
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

5 According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

---

178. P. M. 7s.

Praise for deliverence. Psa. cvii.

1 THEY that mourn in dungeon-gloom,
Bound in iron and despair,
Sentenced to a heavier doom
Than the pangs they suffer there;—
Foes and rebels once to God,
They disdain'd his high controul;
Now they feel his fiery rod
Striking terrors through their soul.

2 Wrung with agony they fall
To the dust, and gazing round,
Call for help;—in vain they call,
Help, nor hope, nor friend are found.
Then unto the Lord they cry,
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

3 He restores their forfeit-breath,
Breaks in twain the gates of brass;
From the bands and grasp of death,
Forth to liberty they pass.
O that men would praise the Lord,
For his goodness to their race;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace!

179. C. M.

The glories of Redemption. Isa. i. 2, 3. Heb. ix. 26. 1 Pet. ii. 24.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.

3 Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ,
They shew the labour of thy hands,
The impress of thy feet.

4 But when we view thy grand design
To save rebellious worms,
Where wisdom, power, and goodness shine,
In their most glorious forms;

5 Our thoughts are lost in rev'rend awe;
We love, and we adore;
The holy angels never saw
So much of God before.

6 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song;
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

180. L. M.

Meekness.

1 HAPPY the meek, whose gentle breast,
Clear as the summer's evening ray,
Calm as the regions of the bless'd,
Enjoys on earth celestial day.

2 His heart no broken friendships sting;
No storms his peaceful tent invade;
He rests beneath th' Almighty's wing,
Hostile to none, of none afraid.

3 Spirit of grace! all meek and mild,
Inspire our breasts, our souls possess;
Repel each passion, rude and wild,
And bless us, as we aim to bless.

181. C. P. M.

Redemption, the wonder of Angels. Isa. lxiii. 9. 1 Pet. i. 1 Ephes. iii. 10, 11.

1 BEHOLD that splendor! Hear the shout;
Heaven opens! Angels issue out
And throng the nether sky.
What solemn tidings do they bring?
Rapt at th' approach of Israel's King,
They speak the Monarch nigh.

2 Why does the King approach our land?
Comes he with thunder in his hand,
The merit of our crimes!

Shepherds be glad! He comes with peace,
Not wrath, but universal grace,
To bless e'en distant climes.

3 See heaven's great heir, a woman's son!
Behold, a manger is his throne!
Nay, see him born to die:
Yours is the guilt, but his the pain:
His are the sorrows, yours the gain:
Then let his praise be high.

4 Come, mighty King! the grace enhance,
(A stable was thy palace once,)
Dwell in these hearts of ours:
Teach us to praise the Father's love,
'Till bless'd, transported, fir'd, above
We sing with nobler powers.

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182. L. M.

Praise. Psa. xlviii. 1, 10; lxvi. 1, 2. Jude i. 25.

1 ALL glorious God, what hymns of praise
Shall our transported voices raise;
What ardent love and zeal are due,
While heaven stands open to our view?

2 Once we were fallen, O how low!
Involved in sin, and guilt, and woe;
When Jesus, from the realms above,
Borne on the wings of boundless love,

3 Dispers'd the shades of death and night,
And spread around his heavenly light;
By him, what wond'rous grace is shown
To souls impoverish'd and undone!

4 He shews beyond these mortal shores,
A bright inheritance, as ours;
Where saints in light our coming wait,
To share their holy, happy state.

183. C. M.

The Lord's Day Morning.

1 HAIL, happy morn! whose early ray
Beheld the Saviour rise;
Welcome again, auspicious day!
To our rejoicing eyes.

2 On this bless'd morn, birth-day of hope!
Let not one soul be sad;
This is the day the Lord hath made,
And bids his saints be glad.

3 Come, and the wonders of the day,
In notes harmonious sing;
Tell to the world the conquest's gain'd
By your victorious King.

4 O happy souls, that feel the power
Of his attractive love!
With him they die, with him they live,
And seek the things above.

---

184. C. M.

Rejoicing in the hope of Salvation.

1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
'Tis music to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! O the power and grace
That here triumphant reign,
To raise from death our sinful race
To life and God again!

3 Salvation! let the echo fly,
The spacious earth around;
And all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

185. S. M.

The happy change.

1 HOW bless'd is man, O God!
When first, with single eye,
He views the lustre of thy word,
The day-spring from on high.

2 Through storms that veil the sky
And frown on earthly things,
The Sun of righteousness breaks forth,
With healing in his wings.

3 Struck by that light, his heart,
A barren soil no more,
Sends shoots of righteousness abroad
Where follies sprung before.

4 The soul, so dreary once,
Once misery's dark domain,
Feels happiness unknown before,
And owns a heavenly reign.

---

186. S. M.

Reliance on God, a remedy for Care. 1 Pet. v. 6, 7, 10.

1 HOW gracious is our God!
How kind his precepts are!
"Come cast your burden on the Lord
And trust his constant care."

2 Since He for ever reigns,
We may securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guide his children well.

3 O why should anxious thoughts,
Oppress the sinking mind?
Go, fall before your Father's throne,
And sweet relief you'll find.

4 Devoutly fear his name,
And know no other fear,
In every scene of life and death
Your helper will be near.

187. L. M.

The free Salvation of God. Mark xv. 37. Acts iv. 12. 2 Tim. i. 9, 10.

1 'TIS finish'd—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bow'd his head, and died;
'Tis finish'd—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 'Tis finish'd—all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfill'd, as was design'd
In me, the Saviour of mankind.

3 'Tis finish'd—Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore;
The sacred veil is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.

4 'Tis finish'd—this my dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone:
Millions shall be redeem'd from death,
By this my last, expiring breath.

5 'Tis finish'd—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
'Tis finish'd—let the echo fly
Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky

188. C. M.

A prospect of the Resurrection.

1 HOW long shall death, the tyrant, reign
And triumph o'er the just?
How long the blood of martyrs, slain,
*Lie ming*led with the dust?

2 Lo! we behold the scatt'ring shades,
The dawn of heaven appears;
The sweet, immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.

3 We see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around;
The skies divide to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.

4 Hark! hear the voice, "ye dead arise;"
And lo! the dead obey;
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.

5 How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward through the skies,
On love's triumphant wing!

189. L. M.

Finished Salvation. Acts xiii. 23. 1 Thess. v. 9, 10.

1 'TIS finish'd, cried the Lamb of God;
Then died to set his children free:
Salvation's finish'd, cries his blood;
O! that dear Lamb, who died for me.

2 Down through the shades of death he goes,
His enemies all conquer'd flee;
Triumphant over all his foes;
O! that dear Lamb did all for me.

3 With warrior's scars, deep wounds and blood,
Rais'd from the dead, again I see
My everlasting Lord and God,
That dearest Lamb, who died for me.

4 O! worthy Lamb, I'll thee adore!
Let Adam's offspring all agree
To praise the Lamb, who dies no more,
But lives to bless both them and me.

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190. H. M.

God Unchangeable. Psa. xlii. 11. Isa. liv. 9 10. Tit. iii

1 O, MY distrustful heart!
How small thy faith appears!
But greater, Lord, thou art
Than all my doubts and fears.
Did Jesus once upon me shine?
Then Jesus is for ever mine.

2 Unchangeable his will,
Though dark may be my frame;
His loving heart is still
Eternally the same:
My soul through many changes goes;
His love no variation knows.

3 Thou, Lord, wilt carry on,
And perfectly perform
The work thou hast begun
In me, a sinful worm:
Midst all my fears, and sin, and woe,
Thy spirit will not let me go.

4 The bowels of thy grace
At first did freely move:
I still shall see thy face,
And feel that God is love.
Myself into thine arms I cast;
Lord, save, O save, my soul at last.

191. P. M. 7s.

Prayer for Divine Aid. Psa. xliii.

1 JUDGE me, Lord, in righteousness;
Plead for me in my distress;
Good and merciful Thou art,
Bind this bleeding, broken heart;
Cast me not, despairing, hence,
Be thy love my confidence.

2 Send thy light and truth, to guide
Me, too prone to turn aside,
On thy holy hill to rest,
In thy tabernacles blest;
There, to God, my chiefest joy,
Praise shall all my powers employ.

3 Why, my soul, art thou dismay'd?
Why, of earth or hell afraid?
Trust in God;—disdain to yield,
While o'er thee He casts his shield,
And his countenance divine
Sheds the light of Heaven on thine.

---

192. C. M.

Grace perfected into Glory. 1 Pet. v. 10, 11.

1 HOW rich thy favours, God of grace!
How various, how divine!
Full as the ocean they are pour'd,
And bright as heaven they shine.

2 God to eternal glory calls,
And points the wond'rous way
To those bright realms of peace and joy,
Where reigns unclouded day.

3 The songs of everlasting years
That mercy shall attend,
Which leads through sufferings of an hour
To joys that never end.

193. L. M.

Loving kindness. Psa. xxxvi. 7, 8, 9 ; lxiii. 3 ; lxxvi. 15.

1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;
He justly claims a song from me ;
His loving kindness, O how free !

2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all !
He sav'd me from my lost estate ;
His loving kindness, O how great !

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth, and hell, my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along ;
His loving kindness, O how strong !

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood ;
His loving kindness, O how good !

5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale ;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;
Oh ! may my last, expiring breath,
His loving kindness sing, in death.

6 Then let me mount and soar away,
To the bright world of endless day ;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving kindness, in the skies.

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194. P. M. 10 s. 11 s.

The unfailing beneficence of God. Psa. cxxxvi. 1.

1 HOUSE of our God, with cheerful anthems rin
While all our lips and hearts his goodness sin
The opening year his bounties shall proclaim,
And all its days be vocal with his name.

he Lord is good, his mercy never ending,
is blessings in perpetual showers descending.

Thou earth, enlighten'd by his rays divine,
Enrich'd with grass and corn, and oil and wine;
Crown'd with his goodness, let thy nations meet,
And lay their crowns at his paternal feet;
'ith grateful love, that liberal hand confessing,
'hich through each heart diffuseth every blessing.

His mercy never fails; the dawn, the shade,
Still see new bounties thro' new scenes display'd:
Succeeding ages bless this sure abode,
And children lean upon their father's God;
he deathless soul through its immense duration,
rinks from this source immortal consolation.

Burst into praise, my soul! all nature join;
Angels and men, in harmony combine!
While human years are measur'd by the sun,
Yea, while eternity its course shall run,
is goodness in perpetual showers descending,
xalt in songs and raptures never ending.

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195. L. M.

Hope the Anchor of the Soul. Psa. lxxxiv. 12.

O GOD, my Sun, thy blissful rays
Irradiate, warm, and guide my heart!
How dark, how mournful are my days,
If thine enlivening beams depart!

Scarce through the shades a glimpse of day
Appears to these desiring eyes;
But shall my drooping spirit say,
"The cheerful morn will never rise?".

3 O let me not despairing mourn,
Though gloomy darkness spreads the sky
My glorious Sun will yet return,
And night with all its horrors fly.

4 O for the bright, the joyful day,
When hope shall in assurance die!
So tapers lose their feeble ray
Beneath the Sun's refulgent eye.

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196. C. M.

Hope of future bliss. 1 Pet. i. 3, 4. 2 Cor. v. 1.

1 BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord:
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.

2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

3 What though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust?
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his foll'wers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine
Reserv'd against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot waste away.

5 Saints by the power of God are kept,
Till the salvation come:
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

197. L. M.

Trust in God. Psa. xliii. 5. Rom. iv. 18—20.

1 WHY sinks my weak, desponding mind?
Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh?
Can sovereign goodness be unkind?
Am I not safe if God be nigh?

2 He holds all nature in his hand:
That gracious hand on which I live,
Does life, and time, and death command,
And has immortal joys to give.

3 'Tis he supports this fainting frame,
On him alone my hopes recline;
The wond'rous glories of his name,
How wide they spread! how bright they shine!

4 Infinite wisdom! boundless power!
Unchanging faithfulness and love!
Here let me trust, while I adore,
Nor from my refuge e'er remove.

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198. S. M.

Faith in Christ. Heb. xii. 2. John vi. 29.

1 FAITH;—'tis a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestow'd!
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God!

2 Jesus it owns a King,
An all-atoning Priest;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

3 To him it leads the soul,
When fill'd with deep distress:
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

4 Since 'tis thy work alone,
And that, divinely free;
Lord, send the spirit of thy Son
To work this faith in me.

199. S. M.

Rejoicing in hope. James v. 11. Psa. cxxxi. 3.

1 NOW let our voices join
To form a sacred song;
Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.

2 How straight the path appears,
How open and how fair!
No lurking gins t' entrap our feet;
No fierce destroyer there.

3 But flowers of Paradise
In rich profusion spring?
The Sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.

4 See Salem's golden spires
In beauteous prospect rise;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle through the skies.

5 All honour to his name,
Who marks the shining way;
To him, who leads the wand'rers on
To realms of endless day.

200. P. M. 7s.

And use. Psa. vii. 17; xiii. 6; cxxxv. 3.

3 Saints b[illegible]EN of the heavenly King,
Till th[illegible]ey, sweetly sing;
We walk [illegible]aviour's worthy praise,
Till Ch[illegible]his works and ways!

Ye are travelling home to God,
In the ways the Fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

O, ye banish'd seed, be glad!
Christ our Advocate is made!
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.
Shout, ye little flock and bless'd,
You on Jesus' throne shall rest:
There your seat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward.

Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land:
Jesus Christ your Father's Son,
Bids you, undismay'd, go on.
Lord, obediently we go,
Calmly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

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201. C. M.

Christ precious. Gal. iv. 26. Rom. 11. 1 Pet. ii. 7.

JESUS! I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven might hear.

Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

All my capacious powers can wish
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honours of thy name
With my last labouring breath;
And dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

202. C. M.

Prayer for Faith unto the End. 1 Pet. v. 10. Jude i. 24, 25.

1 HAIL, Alpha and Omega, hail!
Author of all our faith,
The Finisher of all our hopes,
The Truth, the Life, the Path.

2 Hail! First and Last, the Morning Star,
In whom we live and move;
Increase our little spark of faith,
And purify our love.

3 Let that belief, which Jesus taught,
Be treasur'd in our breast;
The evidence of unseen joys,
The substance of our rest.

4 O, let us go from strength to strength,
From grace to greater grace;
From one degree of faith, to more,
'Till we behold thy face.

203. P. M. 8 s.

Faith Triumphing. Heb. xi. 1, 6. 1 Pet. i. 9. 1 John v. 4, 5.

1 A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant Mercy I sing;
Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,
My person and off'rings to bring:

The terrors of law and of God,
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

2 The work which his goodness began,
The arm of his strength will complete;
His promise is yea and amen,
And never was forfeited yet:
Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below, nor above,
Can make him his purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from his love.

3 My name from the palms of his hands
Eternity will not erase;
Impress'd on his heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace:
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven.

---

204. S. M.

Faith in Christ. Rom. iii. 30. Phil. iii. 7, 8, 9.

1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of Christ our Lord,
Bid every string awake.
Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

2 His grace shall to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

The time of love will come,
When we shall clearly see
Not only that he shed his blood,
But each shall say, "For me."

3 Tarry his leisure then,
Wait the appointed hour;
Wait till the bridegroom of your souls,
Reveal his love with power.
Bless'd is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee;
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

---

205. P. M. 10 s. 11 s.

Praise. Dan. iv. 3. 1 Tim. vi. 16. Rev. xi. 17, 18.

1 HOW glorious the Lamb is seen on his throne,
His labours are o'er, his conquests put on;
A kingdom is given into the Lamb's hand,
In earth and in heaven, for ever to stand.

2 Ye sinners below, then trust in the Lord;
Look up to his arm, his honour, his word;
Athirst for his favour, his Godhead adore,
Look up to your Saviour, and joy evermore.

---

206. P. M. 8 s. 7 s.

Praise. Psa. xliv. 8; lxvii. 7; cxxxvi. 1—4.

1 MIGHTY God, while angels bless thee,
May an infant lisp thy name?
Lord of men, as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme.
Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and lawful praise.

2 For the grandeur of thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
For thy providence, that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,
Blessed be thy gentle reign.

3 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along;
Thought is poor, and poor expression,
Who dare sing that awful song?
Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unutter'd lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence!
Sing the Lord who came to die.

---

207. H. M.

At the opening of Worship. Heb. x. 25. 1 Chron. xvi. 8, 9.

1 FATHER, behold us here,
According to thy word;
To worship without fear,
Our dear redeeming Lord;
O may thy light and truth now shine,
To warm each heart with love divine!

2 Drawn, wholly drawn, by thee,
To Jesus we are come;
And by thy teaching we
Perceive our work is done:
Through which a title we obtain
As kings and priests, with thee to reign.

3 We bless thee, God of peace,
For life and glory given,
To us and all the race

Call'd up from earth to heaven;
Hasten, great God, the day of love,
When every soul his grace shall prove.

208. L. M.

Before Sermon. 1 Pet. iv. 11. 1 Chron. xvi. 29.

1 COME, worship at Immanuel's feet;
See in his face what wonders meet!
Words are too feeble to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2 When shall we climb those higher skies,
Where storms and tempests never rise!
Where he unveils his lovely face,
And shines and reigns the God of grace?

3 Nor earth, nor air, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven his full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

209. C. M.

Joy in God under all circumstances. Hab. iii. 17, 18.

1 WHAT though no flowers the fig-tree clothe,
Though vines their fruit deny,
The labour of the olive fail,
And fields no meat supply:

2 Though from the fold, with sad surprise,
My flock cut off I see;
Though famine pine in empty stalls,
Where herds were wont to be:

3 Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
And glory in his love;
In him I'll joy, who will the God
Of my salvation prove.

4 He is the treasure of my soul,
The source of lasting joy;
A joy which want cannot impair,
Nor death itself destroy.

210. C. M.

Love to God.

1 HAPPY the mind where graces reign,
And love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
Affliction's bitter cup is sweet,
When mix'd with heavenly love.

4 Soon as we drop this mortal clay,
And leave this dark abode,
On wings of love we'll soar away,
To see our Father, God.

5 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings,
In realms of endless peace.

211. C. M.

Attendance on divine Worship. Psa. cxxii.

1 HOW did our hearts rejoice to hear
Our friends devoutly say,
Within thy courts let us appear,
And keep the solemn day.

2 Our souls shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains:
There our best friends, our kindred dwell,
There God, our Saviour, reigns.

3 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace,
Be her attendants blest.

212. P. M. 10s. 11s.

Close of Worship. Rom. x. 14, 15. 1 Cor. iii. 5, 6, 7.

1 HOW charmingly sounds the word of the Lord!
Where witness abounds, that man is restor'd
To God, his possession, dear Jesus, in Thee;
From sin and transgression for ever set free.

2 How glorious the name of Jesus, our King!
Thou crucified Lamb, thine honours we sing;
Our hope and salvation to world without end;
Our nearest relation, and faithfullest friend.

213. L. M.

Thanksgiving. Psa. xxv. 8; ciii. 8—10. cxlv. 14, 15.

1 Ye sons of men, with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord;
And let his power and goodness sound
Through all your tribes, the earth around.
Let the high heavens your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light,
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars, that glow from pole to pole.

2 Sing, earth, in verdant robes array'd,
Its herbs and flowers, its fruits and shade:
Peopled with life of various forms,
Of fish, and fowl, and beasts, and worms.

View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns:
That band remotest nations joins,
And on each wave his goodness shines.

But, O! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate love!
God's only Son, in flesh array'd,
For man, a bleeding victim made.
Thither, my soul, with rapture soar;
There, in the land of praise, adore;
The theme demands an angel's lay,
Demands an everlasting day.

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214. P. M. 6 s. 4 s.

Praise. 1 Tim. i. 17. Psa. lxix. 30.

GLORY to God on high!
et earth and skies reply, Praise ye his name!
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
ing aloud evermore, Worthy the Lamb!

Jesus, our Lord and God,
ore sin's tremendous load; Praise ye his name!
Tell, what his arm hath done,
What spoils from death he won;
ing his great name alone; Worthy the Lamb!

While they around the throne
heerfully join in one, Praising his name;
Those, who have felt his blood
Sealing their peace with God,
ound his dear fame abroad, Worthy the Lamb!

Join, all ye ransom'd race,
ur holy Lord to bless; Praise ye his name!
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
houting with heart and voice, Worthy the Lamb!

5 Then let the hosts above,
In realms of endless love, Praise his dear name
To him ascribed be
Honour and majesty,
Through all eternity; Worthy the Lamb!

215. C. M.

At charity Lectures. Matt. v. 42. 1 Cor. xvi. 14.

1 FATHER of mercies! send thy grace,
All powerful from above,
To form, in our obedient souls,
The image of thy love.

2 O, may our sympathizing breasts,
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in other's joy,
And weep for other's woe!

3 When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus look'd on dying man,
When thron'd above the skies;
And 'midst th' embraces of his God,
He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground;
And shed the richest of his blood,
A balm for every wound.

216. C. M.

Dedication of Children. 1 Cor. vii. 14. Matt. xix. 13, 14,

1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all engaging charms!
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

ermit them to approach," he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
and yield them up to thee;
ful that we ourselves are thine,—
hine let our offspring be.

little flock, with pleasure hear;
e children, seek his face;
l fly with transport to receive
he blessings of his grace.

rphans they are left behind,
hy guardian care we trust:
t care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
weeping o'er their dust.

---

217. C. M.

dication of Children. Mat. xviii. 3, 10. Gen. xvii. 7.

W large the promise! how divine,
o Abrah'm and his seed!
l be a God to thee and thine,
upplying all their need."

e words of his extensive love
rom age to age endure;
e angel of the cov'nant proves,
nd seals, the blessing sure.

s the ancient faith confirms,
o our great fathers given;
takes young children to his arms,
nd *call them heirs* of heaven.

4 Our God, how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of his grace,
Blots out the children's name.

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218. P. M. 8s. & 7s.

New Year's Day. Gen. ix. 22. Psa. lxv. 11; lxxiv. 1

1 COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace!
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount—O, fix me on it;
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my voice to bless thee,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home;
Jesus sought me, when a stranger
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interpos'd with precious blood.

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it!
Seal it for thy courts above.

219. S. P. M.

The Pleasures of Public Worship.

1 HOW does my heart rejoice
To hear the public voice,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We'll haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place!
Adorn'd with wond'rous grace,
And walls of strength enclose thee round;
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There God hath fix'd his throne,
There makes his pleasure known,
Reveals his grace and justice there.
He bids the saints rejoice,
While sinners hear his voice,
And learn his holy name to fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest:
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house,"
For here my friends and brethren dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes this his bless'd abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

220. L. M.

Funeral Hymn. Rom. xiv. 7, 8, 9. Psa. xc. 3, 10. 2 Cor. v. 4

1 WITH solemn shout, we sing thy praise,
Ancient of everlasting days!
Thou daily gather'st home thine own,
Who bear thy cross, to wear thy crown.

2 Let all rejoice, and no one grieve;
This day we meet to take our leave
Of our dear brother's precious dust,
Until the rising of the just.

3 One with the body of the Lamb,
Seal'd with Immanuel's new name,
A member of his flesh and bone;
By blood redeem'd to heaven he 's gone.

4 Then mourn not o'er the lifeless clay,
But wait the resurrection day,
When Christ the Saviour shall appear,
And he come with him in the air.

---

221. C. M.

Message of Christ.

1 HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join th' angelic throng;
For angels no such love have known,
To wake a cheerful song.

2 Good will to guilty men is shown,
And peace on earth is given;
For lo! the incarnate Saviour comes,
With messages from heaven.

3 Justice and grace, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn:
Let heaven and earth in concert join:
The promis'd child is born.

4 Glory to God, in highest strains,
In highest worlds be paid;
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd.

5 When shall we see those blissful realms,
Where Christ exalted reigns;
And learn of the celestial choir,
Their own immortal strains?

222. L. M.

For the Lord's Supper. Matt. xxvi. 26—30.

1 THUS we commemorate the day,
On which our dearest Lord was slain;
Thus we our pious homage pay,
Till he appears on earth again.

2 Come, great Redeemer, open wide
The curtains of the parting sky;
On a bright cloud, in triumph ride,
And on the wind's swift pinions fly.

3 Come, King of kings, with thy bright train,
Cherubs, and Seraphs, heavenly hosts;
Assume thy right, enlarge thy reign
As far as earth extends her coasts.

4 Come, Lord, and where thy cross once stood,
There plant thy banner, fix thy throne;
Subdue the rebels by thy word,
And claim the nations for thine own.

223. L. M.

Brotherly Love. Psa. cxxxiii.

1 HOW pleasing is the scene, how sweet!
When kindred souls in friendship join;
Whose joys and cares united meet
In bands of amity divine.

2 Less fragrant was the ointment pour'd
On Aaron's consecrated head,
When balmy sweets, profusely shower'd,
Down to his sacred vesture spread.

3 Not flowery Hermon e'er display'd,
(Impearl'd with dew) a fairer sight;
Nor Zion's beauteous hills, array'd
In golden beams of morning light.

4 'Tis here the Lord indulgent sheds
His kindest gifts, a heavenly store;
With life immortal crowns their heads,
When earth's frail comforts please no more.

---

224. L. M.

For the Lord's Supper. Luke xxii. 15—20.

1 JESUS! when faith, with fixed eyes,
Beholds thy wond'rous sacrifice,
Love rises to an ardent flame,
And we all other hope disclaim.

2 With cold affections who can see
The thorns, the scourge, the nails, the tree,
Thy flowing tears, and purple sweat,
Thy bleeding hands, and head, and feet?

3 Look, saints, into his opening side,
The breach how large, how deep, how wide!
Thence issues forth a double flood,
Of cleansing water, pard'ning blood.

4 Hence, O my soul, a balsam flows,
To heal thy wounds, and cure thy woes;
Immortal joys come streaming down,
Joys, like his grief, immense, unknown.

5 Thus I could sit, and ever sing
The sufferings of my heavenly King;
With glowing pleasures, spread abroad
The mysteries of a dying Lord.

225. L. M.

The Mercy of God through Christ. Heb. ii.

1 IMMORTAL God! on thee we call,
The great original of all;
By Thee we are, to Thee we tend,
Our sure support, our glorious end.

2 We praise thy free, thy heavenly grace,
Which pitied our revolted race,
And Jesus, our victorious Head,
The Captain of salvation made.

3 He, thine eternal love decreed,
Should many sons to glory lead;
And rich supplies through him are given
To fit us for the joys of heaven.

4 Jesus for us, O gracious name!
Encounter'd agony and shame;
Jesus, the glorious and the great,
By dreadful sufferings made complete.

5 A scene of wonders here we see,
Worthy thy Son, and worthy Thee;
This theme shall now inspire our tongues,
And raise in heaven our noblest songs.

226. L. M.

For the Lord's Supper. 1 Cor. x. 16, 17. John vi. 58.

1 GREAT God! thy power and wisdom shine
In all the works thy hand hath wrought;
But mercy, love, and grace divine,
Exceed the power of speech or thought.

2 Thy precious blood, immortal Lamb,
Takes from the world its guilt away;
Our sin and curse, reproach and shame,
Are drown'd in thine own crimson sea.

3 Salvation!—'tis a welcome sound,
To weary souls, by sin oppress'd;
Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And sooth your griefs and fears to rest.

4 While in this dark abode we stay,
Our feeble voices let us raise;
Then up to glory wing our way,
And join the eternal song of praise.

---

227. S. M.

Lord's Supper. Rom. xii. 4, 5. Luke xxiv. 30, 35.

1 OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both, our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all our griefs,
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.

3 How large his bounties are!
What various stores of good,
Diffus'd from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchas'd with his blood!

4 Jesus, our living Head,
We bless thy faithful care;
Our Advocate before the throne,
And our Forerunner there.

Here fix my roving heart!
Here wait my warmest love!
Till the communion be complete
In nobler scenes above.

228. C. M.

Gospel Invitation.

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join:
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

229. H. M.

Christ crucified.

1 LET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind:
To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

2 Jesus! transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven;
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have,
But Jesus came the world to save.

3 Jesus! harmonious name!
It charms the hosts above;
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love;
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.

4 O, unexampled love!
O, all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race;
What shall I do to make it known,
What thou for all mankind hast done?

5 O, for a trumpet's voice,
On all the world to call;
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all!
For all, my Lord was crucified,
For all, for all, my Saviour died!

---

230. P. M. 7s.

Praise to the Redeemer.

1 GRATEFUL notes and numbers bring,
While Jehovah's praise we sing;
Holy, holy, holy, Lord,
Be thy glorious name ador'd!

2 Men on earth, and saints above,
Sing the great Redeemer's love;
Lord, thy mercies never fail,
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

3 While on earth ordain'd to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way:
Till we come to reign with thee,
All thy glorious greatness see!

Then, with angels, we'll again
Wake a more exalted strain:
There, in joyful songs of praise,
We'll our grateful voices raise.

---

231. P. M. 7 s. 6 s.

Praise to Jehovah.

1 PRAISE the Lord, who reigns above,
And keeps his court below;
Praise the holy God of love,
And all his greatness shew;
Praise him for his noble deeds,
Praise him for his matchless power:
Him from whom all good proceeds,
Let earth and heaven adore.

2 Publish, spread to all around
The great Jehovah's name;
Let the trumpet's martial sound
The Lord of hosts proclaim:
Praise him, every tuneful string,
All the reach of heavenly art,
All the powers of music bring,
The music of the heart.

3 Him, in whom they move and live,
Let every creature sing;
Glory to their Maker give,
And homage to their king:
Hallow'd be his name beneath,
As in heaven, on earth ador'd;
Praise the Lord in every breath;
Let all things praise the Lord.

232. L. P. M.

Praise for Divine Goodness. Psa. cxlvi.

1 I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure!
He saves the oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

---

233. L. M.

Jesus hath done all things well.

1 NOW shall our souls with pleasure raise,
To our dear Lord, a song of praise:
We'll sing his love, his goodness tell,
Our Saviour hath done all things well.

2 With pitying eyes he view'd our case,
And came to save our ruin'd race;
He conquer'd sin, and death, and hell;
Our Jesus hath done all things well.

3 He undertook to bear our load,
And bring us back again to God;
To fit us with himself to dwell;
Christ Jesus hath done all things well.

4 He will accomplish his design,
And all things in himself combine;
No more shall ever they rebel;
Our Jesus will do all things well.

5 His work, how great! his plan, how vast!
But when it all appears at last,
It will our highest praise excel;
For Jesus will do all things well.

6 When the creation is restor'd,
And God shall be by all ador'd,
How loudly will the triumph swell,
Our Jesus hath done all things well.

7 Sin, death, and hell, will Christ destroy,
And fill the universe with joy;
His love shall then each voice compel
To cry "He hath done all things well."

---

234. C. P. M.

General Praise.

1 BEGIN, my soul, the exalted lay,
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
And praise the Almighty Name;
Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell the inspiring theme.

2 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker God;
Ye thunders, speak his power;
Lo! on the lightning's rapid wings,
In triumph, rides the King of kings,
Astonish'd worlds adore.

3 Ye deeps, whose roaring billows rise,
To join the thunder of the skies,
Praise him who bids you roll;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

4 Wake, all ye soaring tribes and sing;
Ye cheerful warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise,
To him who shap'd your finer mould,
Who tipp'd your glittering wings with gold,
And tun'd your voice to praise.

5 Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the reasoning head
In heavenly praise employ:
Spread the Creator's name around,
Till heaven's wide arch repeat the sound,
The general burst of joy.

---

235. S. M.

Christ the Light of the World.

1 BEHOLD! the Prince of peace,
The chosen of the Lord,
God's well-beloved Son, fulfils
The sure prophetic word!

2 No royal pomp adorns
This king of righteousness;
But meekness, patience, truth and love,
Compose his princely dress.

3 The spirit of the Lord,
In rich abundance shed,
On this great Prophet gently lights,
And rests upon his head.

4 Jesus, thou light of men!
Thy doctrine life imparts:
O may we feel its quickening power,
To warm and cheer our hearts!

5 Cheered by its beams, our souls
Shall run the heavenly way;
The path which Christ hath mark'd and trod,
Will lead to endless day.

---

236. C. M.

Praise to God and the Lamb.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousands are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our hearts reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

237. L. M.

Morning Hymn.

1 BLESS'D be thy name, my God and King;
Fain would my heart thy praises sing,
For all the mercies of the night,
And blessings of the morning light.

2 'Tis through thy mercy, Lord, to me,
I've liv'd another day to see;
May I this day thy praise proclaim,
And give the glory to thy name.

3 Give me this day my daily bread,
And while my body's richly fed,
O! may my soul be truly bless'd,
And feed on Christ, my righteousness.

---

238. C. M.

Resignation to the Divine Will.

1 IN all thy dealings, gracious God!
We own thy sovereign power;
And humbly kiss thy chast'ning rod,
In sorrow's darkest hour.

2 For sore affliction's sharpest sting,
In mercy oft is given,
Our thoughtless, erring steps to bring
The safest road to heaven.

3 Alike thy providence supplies
Each blessing which we share;
Though clouds obscure our morning skies,
The evening may be fair.

4 Since, then, our lot of good or ill
Is sent with wise design,
We'll bow submissive to thy will,
And own thy power divine.

5 To thee, O God! resign'd, we pray,
Whate'er the path may be,
O guide our feet that peaceful way,
Which leads to heaven and Thee!

239. P. M. 12 s.

Free Grace. 1 John i. 7. Eph. i. 7. Rom. v. 20; viii. 37.

1 THE voice of free grace, cries, escape to the mountain!
For Adam's lost race Christ has open'd a fountain;
From sin and uncleanness and every transgression,
His blood flows so freely in streams of salvation:
Hallelujah! to the Lamb, who has brought us a pardon,
We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

2 That fountain so clear, from the Saviour's side flowing,
Will cleanse from all sin and redeem us from ruin:
Though sin doth abound, to our just condemnation,
His grace, more extensive, brings all men salvation:
Hallelujah! to the Lamb, who has brought us a pardon,
We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

3 O, Jesus, our Saviour, thy kingdom is glorious!
O'er sin, death and hell thou wilt make us victorious:
Thy name shall be praise'd in the great congregation,
And saints shall delight in ascribing salvation:
Hallelujah! to the Lamb, who has brought us a pardon,
We'll praise him anew on the other side Jordan.

240. P. M. 7 s. 6 s.

The better Portion.

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Tow'rds heaven, thy native place;
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepar'd above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul, that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heaven.

241. L. M.

The Books of Nature and Scripture compared.

1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord;
In every star thy wisdom shines:
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The changing seasons, day and night,
Thy power and providence confess:
But that bless'd volume brings to light,
Thy grace, and truth, and righteousness.

3 The circling sun conveys thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stands;
So has thy truth its cheering rays,
Diffus'd to widely distant lands.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations bless'd,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

242. C. M.

Christ's first and second Coming.

[NG to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue:
is new discover'd grace demands
A new and noble song.

ıy to the nations, Jesus came
A guilty world to save;
rom vice and error to reclaim,
And rescue from the grave.

et heaven proclaim the joyful day!
Joy through the earth be seen;
et cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

/ith pleasure lift your wond'ring eyes,
Ye islands of the sea:
e mountains sink, ye vallies rise,
Prepare the Saviour's way.

ehold he comes, he comes to bless
The nations as their God;
'o show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

---

243. P. M. 8s. 7s. 4s.

Universal Praise.

RAISE to thee, thou great Creator,
Praise be thine from every tongue,
oin, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song. Hallelujah, Join, &c.

or ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
ound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.
lelujah! Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

244. C. M.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."
Eccl. xii. 1.

1 IN the soft season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and trembling, wait
Its summons to the tomb;

2 Remember thy Creator, God;
For him thy powers employ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence, thy joy.

3 He shall defend and guide thy course
Through life's uncertain sea;
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of bless'd eternity.

4 Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
The path of heavenly truth;
The earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth.

---

245. H. M.

Praise to God from his Works. Psa. cxlviii.

1 YE tribes of Adam! join
With heaven, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise.
Wide as he reigns, His name be sung
By every tongue, In endless strains.

2 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move
By his supreme command.
He spake the word, And all their frame
From nothing came, To praise the Lord.

ave obeyed his will,
ugh unknown ages past,
shall his word fulfil,
e time and nature last.
rent ways, His works proclaim
nd'rous name, And speak his praise.

od, the sovereign Lord,
joyful thanks repeat;
im due praise afford,
ood as he is great:
s he reigns, His name be sung
ry tongue, In endless strains.

---

246. P. M. 8 s. 7 s.

Renewing Love.

VENLY Father, here we bless thee!
l thy goodness we adore;
with humble songs address thee,
d of mercy, love, and power!
1 hast been our great salvation,
hrough the world's deceitful maze;
ugh affliction and temptation,
ou hast kept us all our days.

ing help from thee obtained,
ere before thee, Lord, we stand;
and fears thou hast restrained,
y thy gracious, mighty hand;
y want hast thou supplied,
fe and health, and needful food;
ing has thy love denied
hich thou knew'st would do us good.

renewing love and favour,
us wrought by sovereign grace,
ough a dear and precious Saviour,
all for songs of loudest praise:

Here our sins are all forgiven;
Here our mighty debt is paid;
Here we've peace, and peace with heaven,
Made with him our living Head.

---

247. S. M.

Salvation by Grace. Eph. ii. 5.

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contriv'd a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wond'rous plan.

3 Grace first inscrib'd my name
In God's eternal book:
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

4 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

5 Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow:
'Twas grace which kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

6 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

248. L. M.

The Lamb that was slain. Rev. v. 7.

FROM heaven the angelic sound began,
It shook the skies and reach'd to man;
By man receiv'd, it mounts again
Whilst fragrant odours fill the plain.

Worthy the Lamb of boundless sway,
In earth and heaven the Lord of all;
Ye princes, rulers, powers obey,
And low before his footstool fall.

The deed was done! the Lamb was slain!
The groaning earth the burthen bore!
He rose, he lives! he lives to reign,
Nor time shall shake his endless power.

Wisdom and strength are his alone,
He rais'd the top-stone, shouting grace;
Honour has built his lofty throne,
And glory shines upon his face.

Higher, still higher, swell the strain;
Creation's voice the note prolong;
The Lamb shall ever, ever reign;
Let hallelujahs crown the song.

---

249. C. M.

Faith in the promise of Salvation.

BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing;
The mighty works or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.

Tell of his wond'rous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim 'Salvation from the Lord
For wretched, dying men;'
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

4 Engrav'd as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines:
Nor can the powers of darkness raze
Those everlasting lines.

---

250. C. M.

To be ashamed of Jesus, is absurd and dangerous.

1 IS there on earth a nobler name
Than Jesus to be found?
Who can assert a higher claim,
Or more with truth abound?

2 The Son of God adorn'd with grace,
Commissioned from above,
He bears to our rebellious race
The messages of love.

3 Behold his gentle spirit feel
The sufferings of mankind;
And with a word the sorrows heal
Of body and of mind.

4 How noble were the truths he taught,
How pure the life he led!
And shall another Lord be sought,
And we disown our Head?

5 Forbid it, Lord! nor let us yield
To this unworthy shame;
But each, with holy courage fill'd,
Rejoice in Jesus' name.

251. C. M.

Asking the Way to Zion. Jer. l. 5.

IIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way
at leads to Zion's hill;
hither set your steady face,
th a determin'd will.

the strangers all around,
ır pious march to join;
pread the sentiments you feel
faith and love divine.

, let us to his temple haste,
l seek his favour there,
e his footstool humbly bow,
l pour our fervent prayer.

, let us join our souls to God,
everlasting bands;
eize the blessings he bestows
h eager hearts and hands.

, let us prove without delay,
e covenant of his grace;
hall the years of distant life
memory efface.

may our rising offspring haste
see their father's God;
'er forsake the happy path
ir youthful feet have trod.

---

252. C. M.

Christ's Second Advent.

omes! Jehovah comes to bless
e nations as their God,
hew his truth and righteousness,
l spread his power abroad.

2 The christian world in darkness lies,
By falsehood over-run;
The moon and stars no longer rise,
And clouds have veil'd the sun.

3 But lo! the mighty God appears;
On clouds behold him ride;
He comes to dry his Zion's tears,
And cheer his mourning bride.

4 Now sacred love with mildest rays
In Zion's land shall rise;
The heavenly sun divinely blaze,
And brighten all the skies.

5 Now truth shall chace the clouds away,
And falsehood reign no more;
But one unclouded, heavenly day
Shall shine from shore to shore.

---

253. L. M.

On the Same.

1 THE morning dawns; celestial light
Dispels the gloomy shades of night;
Truth rears her standard once again,
And love, celestial love, shall reign.

2 The heavenly Sun, the Lord our God,
Beams his refulgent rays abroad:
He comes to bless the ransom'd soul,
And spread his truth from pole to pole.

3 Now nations, barb'rous, rude and blind,
In Jesus shall salvation find:
Idols before his name shall fall,
And Christ our God be Lord of all.

4 Thus every land and clime shall hear
The Lord is God, his name revere;
From sin, and death, and darkness rise,
And join the concert of the skies.

254. C. M.

A Hymn of Praise.

1 INDULGENT Father! how divine,
How rich thy bounties are!
Through nature's ample round they shine,
Thy goodness to declare:

2 But in the nobler work of grace,
What sweeter mercy smiles,
Reflected from the Saviour's face,
And every fear beguiles!

3 Such wonders, Lord! while we survey,
To Thee our thanks shall rise,
When morning ushers in the day,
Or evening veils the skies.

4 When glim'ring life resigns its flame,
Thy praise shall tune our breath;
The sweet remembrance of thy name
Shall gild the shades of death.

5 But O, how bless'd our songs shall rise,
In sweet seraphic lay,
When all thy glories meet our eyes
Through an eternal day.

255. C. M.

Not ashamed of Jesus.

1 JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angel's praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Asham'd of Jesus ! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star ;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Asham'd of Jesus ! just as soon
Let midnight be asham'd of noon ;
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright morning star, bids darkness flee.

4 Asham'd of Jesus ! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend ?
No ; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more adore his name,

5 Asham'd of Jesus ! yes I may
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then,—nor is my boasting vain,
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain ;
And now may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

7 His institutions will I prize,
Take up the cross, the shame despise—
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.

---

256. L. M.

Jesus, the Sun of Heaven.

1 JESUS, thou Sun of love divine,
Thy rays through boundless nature shine;
In thee with bright effulgence meet
Wisdom and love, and light and heat.

2 Through heaven thy glory is display'd
In one bright day without a shade:
Angels from thee supremely prove
The nameless, endless joys of love.

3 With thee they dwell in fervid light,
Nor feel nor fear the shades of night:
Thy heavenly beams will never fail,
But one eternal day prevail.

4 Be darkness known on earth no more,
But truth display'd from shore to shore;
Till men of every land shall see
Thy glory, Lord, and worship thee.

5 'Tis done—the Sun of love appears,
The shades withdraw, the morning clears;
Now love and truth prevail again,
And one eternal day shall reign.

---

257. C. M.

Divine Love.

1 HOW shall we praise thy dear-lov'd Name,
Our Saviour and our God?
Fain would we all thy love proclaim,
And sound thy power abroad.

2 But ah! our noblest accents die,
So weak and mean they prove;
In vain our warmest praises try
To speak thy boundless love.

3 So vast the subject, angel's tongues
Can never speak its worth;
Not all their soul-enchanting songs
Can ever set it forth.

4 Unfathomable are its deeps,
Its height no angel knows;
Open this fountain ever keeps,
And unto all it flows.

5 For love is Deity alone,
'Tis heaven and all divine;
It beams refulgent from the throne,
And will for ever shine.

258. L. M.

"This do in remembrance of me." 1 Cor. xi. 24.

1 "EAT, drink, in memory of your friend:"—
Such was our Master's last request;
Who all the pangs of death endur'd,
That we might live for ever bless'd.

2 Yes, we'll record thy matchless love,
Thou kindest, tenderest, best of friends!
Thy dying love, the noblest praise
Our hearts can offer thee, transcends.

3 'Tis pleasure more than earth can give
Thy goodness through these vales to see;
Thy table, food celestial yields,
And happy they who sit with Thee.

259. C. M.

A Hymn of Praise. Luke xiii. 35.

1 NOW blessing, honour, glory, praise,
By angel hosts are sung;
The saints below their voices raise,
And join the heavenly throng.

2 Ador'd be he who comes to bless
The nations with his love;
To shew his truth and righteousness,
And every cloud remove.

Blessed be he who comes to reign
In Zion's happy land:
erusalem is built again,
And shall for ever stand.

Io more this kingdom shall decay,
No more the temple fall;
Iere Jesus reigns with endless sway,
The King and Lord of all.

260. L. M.

God our Father.

S there a lone and dreary hour
Vhen worldly pleasures lose their power?
)ur Father! let us turn to thee,
ınd set each thought of darkness free.

s there a time of racking grief,
Vhich scorns the prospect of relief?
ireat Father! break the cheerless gloom,
ınd bid each heart its calm resume.

s there an hour of peace and joy,
Vhen hope is all our soul's employ?
Kind Father! still our hopes will roam,
Jntil they rest with Thee, their home.

'he noontide blaze, the midnight scene,
'he dawn, or twilight's sweet serene,
'he sick, nay, e'en the dying hour,
'hall own a Father's grace and power.

261. L. M.

The happy state of the Christian.

ıS we advance in wisdom's ways,
'hy love demands new songs of praise;
)ur pleasures, joys, and hopes increase,
ınd all *within* is settled peace.

2 Our foes with weaker power assail;
With strength increasing we prevail;
Above our every tempter rise,
And press with zeal towards the skies.

3 Look we at death? 'tis with delight;
A gentle sleep, and short the night;
Angels support the feeble head,
Our souls have nothing here to dread.

4 Think we of judgment? happy day!
Joyful the summons we obey;
It is to meet the God we love,
And take our glorious crowns above.

5 Transporting thought! celestial state;
For this we live, for this we wait;
And while we take the happy road,
Our songs of praise ascend to God.

---

262. C. P. M.

Lord's Day Morning.

1 HAIL, happy day, the type of rest,
When all the faithful shall be bless'd,
And cease from toil and pain;
So we to-day the emblem prove,
Cease from all work, but praise and love,
And solid pleasure gain.

2 To-day our mighty Conqueror rose,
In triumph o'er his numerous foes,
And death a captive bound;
So we from every evil rise,
Mount up in thought towards the skies,
And walk on Zion's ground!

3 Begone, ye every worldly care;
My soul to study, praise and prayer,
To-day be wholly given;

I'll humbly wait at Jesus' feet,
The saints in solemn worship meet,
And learn the way to heaven.

Jesus will kindly condescend
To teach my soul, my heart amend,
And fill me with his love!
That every sabbath I may know,
An antepast of heaven below,
The rest of saints above!

---

263. L. M.

Anticipations of Eternity.

IN that great day, when Jesus comes
To raise his children from their tombs,
He'll take them to the seats above,
To dwell with him, and feel his love.
Sweet recollection will begin,
How grace has sav'd them from their sin:
How mercy led them all the way,
To the blest realms of endless day.

Then will they to perfection know,
All they have waited for below;
Error and darkness then shall fly,
And heaven reveal a cloudless sky.
Then shall the saints with joy approve
The paths of providential love;
And, with united wonder, trace
The methods of redeeming grace.

They will with pleasure then review
The weary steps they trod below;
And in celestial accents tell,
The Saviour hath done all things well.

The flock will then the shepherd own,
And be his joy, and glorious crown,
While mutual love and friendship reign,
And smile through all the happy train.

---

264. L. M.

Fulfilment of God's Promises. Isa. lxiii. 7.

1 RISE, every heart and every tongue,
Prepare a sweet angelic song;
Surprising mercies must require
An angel's lay, a seraph's fire.

2 See what the gracious God of heaven
Hath now to his own Israel given;
No heart can feel, no tongue express,
The wonders of his love and grace.

3 In every age the Lord was kind,
And to his church reveal'd his mind;
But we enjoy a wond'rous store
Of mercies never known before.

4 The sun of heaven illumes the soul,
Oceans of mercies sweetly roll;
The heavenly streams of truth and love
Flow freely from the Fount above.

5 O happy day! we live to see
How kind to men our God can be:
His greatest mercies stand confess'd,
And Zion is divinely bless'd.

6 Thy truth and loving kindness, Lord,
We will with holy songs record;
To us are richest favours given,
And praises shall return to heaven.

265. P. M. 7 6.

Call to Universal Praise, Psalm cxvii.

ALL ye Gentiles, praise the Lord;
All ye lands, your voices raise:
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, for ever praise.

For his truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of his right-hand,
Like his own eternity.

Praise Him, ye who know his love,
Praise Him from the depths beneath,
Praise Him in the heights above;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

---

266. L. M.

God's Goodness and Mercy.

YE nations round the earth rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King:
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice;
With all your tongues his glory sing.

The Lord is God: 'Tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give:
We are his work, and not our own;
The sheep that on his pastures live.

Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ,
To pay your thanks and honours there.

The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure:
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

267. S. M.

Christ, the Conqueror of Death and Hell. Isa. lxiii.

1 ARISE, my soul, arise,
And with a cheerful voice,
In God, the source of all thy joys,
Thy Saviour God, rejoice.

2 His robes were stain'd in blood,
When he subdued his foes;
And 'twas for us the mighty God
To conquer hell arose.

3 By his almighty power
Against our foes he fought;
And in the great and awful hour,
Our full salvation wrought.

---

268. H. M.

The Heavenly Sun.

1 IN yon bless'd world above,
Where angel-hosts reside,
The Sun of truth and love
Is never known to hide;
Its sacred heat for ever glows,
Divinely sweet to all it flows.

2 Its all-attracting light
For ever flows the same;
No darkness there or night,
No clouds obscure the flame:
One endless day will constant shine
And every ray is light divine.

3 O, could we see this light,
And feel its heavenly heat,
Joyful we'd take our flight

To some celestial seat;
ı angels sit, and sing away,
esus feet, an endless day.

269. L. M.

Christ the bright and Morning Star.

[glory bright the Saviour reigns,
ıd endless grandeur there sustains;
e view his beams, and from afar
ail him, the bright, the Morning-Star.

lest Star! where'er his lustre shines,
e all the soul with grace refines;
nd makes each happy saint declare,
e is the bright, the Morning-Star.

reat Star! in whom salvation dwells,
is beam the thickest cloud dispels;
he grossest darkness flies afar,
efore this bright, this Morning-Star.

ost glorious Star! be thou our guide,
or from our souls thy splendor hide;
et nothing thy sweet beams debar,
hou only bright and Morning-Star.

ternal Star! our songs shall rise,
/hen we shall meet thee in the skies;
nd, in eternal anthems, there
raise Thee, the bright, the Morning-Star.

270. C. M.

The unceasing Goodness of our Heavenly Father.

EHOVAH, God! thy gracious power,
On every hand we see;
) may the blessings of each hour,
Lead all our thoughts to Thee.

2 If on the wings of morn we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our footsteps lead,
Thy love our path surround.

3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

4 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of God we see;
And all the blessings we receive,
Proceed alone from Thee.

5 In all the varying scenes of time,
On Thee our hopes depend;
Through every age, in every clime,
Our Father and our Friend.

---

271. S. M.

The Love of our Saviour prompting to Christian Love.

1 JESUS, the friend of man,
Invites us to his board;
The welcome summons we obey,
And own our gracious Lord.

2 Here we show forth his love,
Which spake in every breath,
Prompted each action of his life,
And triumphed in his death.

3 One faith, one hope, one Lord,
One God alone we know;
Brethren we are; let every heart
With kind affections glow.

4 Here let our powers unite,
His honour'd name to raise;
Let grateful joy fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

5 Warm'd with our Master's love,
And thy unmeasur'd grace,
Lord, let our thankful hearts expand,
And all mankind embrace.

---

272. H. M.

Close of Service.

1 KIND Lord, before thy face
Again with joy we bow,
For all the gifts and grace,
Thou dost on us bestow;
Our tongues would all thy love proclaim,
And chant the honours of thy name.

2 Here, in thine earthly house,
Our joyful souls have met;
Here paid our solemn vows,
And felt our union sweet:
For this our tongues thy love proclaim,
And chant the honours of thy name.

3 Thy truth, like ointment shed,
Hath breath'd a rich perfume;
Thy light, divinely spread,
Hath broke the darksome gloom:
For this our tongues thy love proclaim,
And chant the honours of thy name.

4 Now may we dwell in peace,
Till here again we come;
And may our love increase,

Till thou shalt guide us home:
Then shall our tongues thy love proclaim,
And chant the honours of thy name.

---

273. S. M.

The Lord seen and adored in the Creation.

1 WHEN I survey this world
With all its beauteous frame,
Its great Creator I adore,
And celebrate his name.

2 The boundless whole displays
The wonders of the Lord:
All nature echoes with his praise,
And be his name ador'd.

3 The sun in every beam
Proclaims the God above:
Its ardent rays exhibit him,
Who rules the worlds in love.

4 The lofty stars by night,
The moon with paler glow,
In every twinkling ray of light,
Their Maker's honour show.

5 The universal whole
Proclaims Jehovah's praise;
And O, that every living soul
Would songs of honour raise!

6 The worlds were made in love,
By wisdom all divine;
And while in praise my tongue can move,
That praise, O Lord, be thine!

274. S. M.

Salvation.

1 SALVATION, O the thought!
For sinners doom'd to die,
Paid for by Jesus, dearly bought,
To raise his foes on high.

2 Salvation, O the song!
Let all the world proclaim,
And every heart, and every tongue,
Rejoice to hear the name.

3 Salvation, rich and free,
Salvation, long and broad,
Salvation for such worms as we,
'Tis all the work of God.

4 He works to will and do,
The Alpha is his name,
And he the great Omega too—
All glory to the Lamb.

---

275. C. M.

Communion Hymn.

1 THE blessed Jesus is my Lord,
I trust in him alone;
For every promise of his word
Is steadfast as his throne.

2 Am I a sinner in his sight,
And humbled for my guilt?
To save and heal is his delight,
For me his blood was spilt.

3 Am I athirst for living wine?
The fountain's full and free;
Jesus will give the truth divine,
He promis'd it to me.

4 Am I desiring heavenly bread
With an impatient mind?
With this I shall be richly fed,
For Jesus Christ is kind.

276. L. M.

Prayer for Divine Aid.

1 AT anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling I cry, sweet spirit, come!
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails, and speed my way.

2 Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below:
But I can only spread my sail,
Thou, thou must breathe th' auspicious gale.

277. L. M.

At a Convention of Ministers.

1 NOW we are met from different parts,
May heavenly love inspire our hearts;
May all we do be done in love,
Like those that meet to praise above.

2 May this a striking emblem be
Of that great meeting all must see:
Where heavenly love tunes every chord
In loud hosannas to the Lord.

3 Be with us, Jesus, while we stay,
And guide us when we praise or pray;
In all we do, may we proclaim
The praise and glory of thy name.

278. S. M.

The Influence of Love.

1 LOVE is the strongest tie
That can our hearts unite;
Love makes our service liberty,
Our every burden light.

2 We run in God's commands
When love directs the way;
With willing hearts, and active hands,
Our Maker's will obey.

3 Love softens all our toil,
And makes our bondage blest;
The gloomy desert wears a smile
When love inspires the breast.

4 Let love for ever grow,
And banish wrath and strife:
So shall we witness here below
The joys of social life.

5 When we ascend the skies,
And see the Saviour's face,
Love will to full perfection rise,
And reign through all the place.

---

279. P. M. 8 s.

Spring.

1 THE winter is over and gone:
The thrush whistles sweet on the spray,
The turtle breathes forth her soft moan,
The lark mounts and warbles away.

2 Shall every creature around
Their voices in concert unite,
And I, the most favour'd, be found
In *praising* to take less delight?

3 Awake, then, my harp and my lute!
Sweet organs, your notes loudly swell!
No longer my lips shall be mute,
The Saviour's high praises to tell.

4 His love in my heart shed abroad,
My graces shall bloom as the spring;
This temple, his Spirit's abode,
My joy, as my duty, to sing.

---

280. C. P. M.

Universal Praise to the Creator.

1 YE angels that surround the throne,
Where your Creator's name is known,
Through all the realms above—
Your greatest skill in praising try,
And all your golden harps employ,
To sing creating love.

2 But you, the children of his love,
Who have been call'd to mount above,
From sin and sorrow too:
Let angels to your songs give place,
For you can sing redeeming grace,
Your song is always new.

3 And may we not, who still lay here,
With joy and triumph lend an ear,
And humbly try to sing;
Though darkly through a glass we see,
Each of us cry, "he died for me,
Adored be my King."

4 But when we take the sacred book,
And at each precious promise look,
Of universal grace;
'Tis here the joyful day we view,
When the poor Gentile with the Jew
Shall see his Saviour's face.

5 Then may all Adam's fallen race,
As fellow-heirs of this same grace,
And branches of one vine,
In one eternal song conspire,
To praise the Lamb, our soul's desire,
When all their brethren join.

281. C. M.

Light shining out of Darkness.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!
The clouds you so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he *will make it* plain.

282. C. M.

The Feast of the Lord's Supper.

1 ONCE more do we enjoy the sign
That we are sons of God,
Partake the sacred bread and wine,
The holy flesh and blood.

2 Now seal'd again by Jesus' love,
We call the Lord our own;
With strength renew'd mount up above,
And hasten to our throne.

3 O happy meeting, heavenly feast!
Where God and sinners meet!
And we (behold) the honour'd guest,
That sit at Jesus' feet!

4 But O, the bless'd transporting thought!
Soon we shall rise above;
And to the heavenly table brought,
There taste the feast of love.

5 With angels and bless'd spirits join
In all that can be given,
Of goodness, truth, and love divine,
In that eternal heaven.

---

283. C. M.

Praise to the Lord for constant Preservation.

1 THOU great, all-knowing, present God,
Where'er I stay or rove,
I am surrounded still by thee,
Encircled with thy love.

2 When in the paths of vice I trod,
Nor fear'd thy holy Name,
Thou wast my all-supporting God,
Thy hand preserv'd my frame.

Still, Lord, thy hand my life defends;
My life I owe to thee;
Thy mercy all my way attends,
Thy love abounds to me.

Where'er I am, I am thy care,
Thy dealings all are love;
And thine intention to prepare
My soul for heaven above.

My God, my Saviour, guides me still
In all his righteous ways;
Daily may I perform his will,
Each moment live his praise.

---

284. L. M.

The Holy Supper.

WHAT wonders hath Jehovah wrought,
How great the price by which we 're bought!
The all of love and truth divine,
In our redemption sweetly join.

The beams of love descend, and bring
Ten thousand blessings from our King;
While rays of glorious truth and light
Unveil his glories to our sight.

Thy love exceeds our highest praise,
And all the songs that angels raise;
How then shall we attempt to sing
The boundless goodness of our King!

Dear Lord, had we ten thousand tongues,
And notes beyond the angels' songs;
Still we should fail, nor could make known
The nameless mercies of thy throne.

285. L. M.

The House of God.

1 LO! God is here: let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face:
Let all within us feel his power,
Let all within us seek his grace.

2 Lo! God is here: him day and night
United choirs of angels sing:
To him, enthron'd above all height,
Heaven's hosts their noblest praises bring.

3 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill:
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

---

286. C. M.

Unprofitableness under Gospel Privileges.

1 LONG have we sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord!
Yet still how weak our faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 Oft we frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain;
What faint impressions of thy grace
Our languid powers retain.

3 How cold and feeble is our love!
How negligent our fear!
How low our hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

4 Great God! thy gracious aid impart
To give thy word success;
Write all its precepts on the heart,
And deep its truths impress.

5 O speed our progress in the way
That leads to joys on high;
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die!

287. C. M.

The Lord our only Hope here, and Portion hereafter.

1 OUR confidence and hope, O Lord,
Are fix'd on thee alone;
Encourag'd by thy sacred word,
That thou wilt sinners own.

2 Here storms and tempests daily lower,
And enemies assail;
But thou, dear Lord, our Rock and Tower,
Wilt o'er our foes prevail.

3 We sail o'er rough, tempestuous waves,
And long to gain the land;
Jesus is nigh, and ever saves,
By his almighty hand.

4 On him in troubles we rely,
He hears us when we call;
His mercy is for ever nigh,
He is our all in all.

288. P. M. 8 s. 7 s.

Jesus, the Friend of Sinners.

1 CALM, my soul, behold thy Saviour!
This bless'd thought shall joy impart,
Though by all the world forsaken,
That he bears me on his heart.
What though death, and hell, and ruin
Seek my soul? thy grace I see;
Which shall still go on subduing
And bring all things home to thee.

2 Jesus, for the guilty captive,
Gave his precious life away;
Nor shall death and hell, and satan,
Always hold the Saviour's prey.
But I feel I am a sinner;
Can his grace to me extend?
Yes, methinks the Gospel whispers,
"Jesus is the sinner's Friend."

3 Soon we'll leave this world of sorrow,
And behold his smiling face;
And with all the ransom'd myriads
Sing the triumphs of his grace.
Oh! for such transcendant goodness,
May each soul in concert rise;
In melodious, grateful anthems,
Sound his praises to the skies.

---

289. P. M. 11s. 8s.

Exhortation to Praise. Psalm c.

1 BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth,
O serve him with gladness and fear;
Exult in his presence with music and mirth,
With love and devotion draw near.

2 For Jehovah is God,—and Jehovah alone,
Creator and Ruler o'er all;
And we are his people, his sceptre we own:
His sheep, and we follow his call.

3 O enter his gates with thanksgiving and song,
Your vows in his temple proclaim;
His praise with melodious accordance prolong,
And bless his adorable name.

For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of his hand;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.

290. L. M.

"There remaineth a rest for the people of God."

LORD of the Sabbath! hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs, which in thy temple rise.

Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there 's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope, and strong desire.

No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor death, shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
Which dwell upon immortal tongues.

No gloomy cares shall there annoy,
No conscious guilt disturb our joy;
But every doubt and fear shall cease,
And perfect love give perfect peace.

When shall that glorious day begin,
Beyond the reach of death or sin;
Whose sun shall never more decline,
But with unfading lustre shine!

291. C. M.

Perfection of God's Law. Psalm xix.

THY law is perfect, Lord of light,
Thy testimonies sure;
The statutes of thy realm are right,
And thy commandment pure.

2 Holy, inviolate thy fear,
Enduring as thy throne;
Thy judgments, chastening or severe,
Justice and truth alone.

3 More priz'd than gold—than gold whose waste
Refining fire expels;
Sweeter than honey to my taste,
Than honey from the cells.

4 Let these, O God, my soul convert,
And make thy servant wise;
Let these be gladness to my heart,
The day-spring to mine eyes.

5 By these may I be warn'd betimes;
Who knows the guile within?
Lord, save me from presumptuous crimes,
Cleanse me from secret sin.

6 So may the words my lips express,
The thoughts that throng my mind,
O Lord, my strength and righteousness!
With Thee acceptance find.

---

292. L. M.

The Joys of Heaven.

1 AND is this heaven! and am I there!
How short the road! how swift the flight!
I am all life, all eye, all ear;
Jesus is here—my soul's delight.

2 Is this the heavenly Friend who hung
In blood and anguish on the tree,
Whom Paul proclaim'd, whom David sung,
Who died for them, who died for me?

3 How fair, thou Offspring of my God!
Thou first-born image of his face;
Thy death procured this bless'd abode,
Thy vital beams adorn the place.

4 Lo! he presents me at the throne
All spotless: there the Godhead reigns
Sublime and peaceful through the Son:
Awake, my voice, in heavenly strains.

---

293. C. M.

Daily and Nightly Devotion.

1 BEFORE the rosy dawn of day,
To Thee, my God, I'll sing;
Awake my soft and tuneful lyre,
Awake each charming string.
Awake, and let thy flowing strains
Glide through the midnight air,
While high amidst the silent orbs
The silver moon rolls clear:

2 While all the glittering, starry lamps,
Are lighted in the sky;
And set their Maker's greatness forth
To thy admiring eye.
Awake my soft and tuneful lyre,
Awake each charming string;
Before the rosy dawn of day,
To Thee, my God, I'll sing.

3 Thou, round the heavenly arch, dost draw
A vast and sable veil;
Which all the beauties of the world
From mortal eyes conceal.
Again the sky with golden beams
Thy skilful hands adorn;
And paint, with cheerful splendor gay,
The *fair ascending* morn.

4 And as the gloomy night returns,
Or smiling day renews;
Thy constant goodness still my soul
With benefit pursues.
For this, I'll midnight vows to Thee
With early incense bring;
And ere the rosy dawn of day,
Thy lofty praises sing.

---

294. C. M.

Thanksgiving for manifold Blessings. Psa. xviii. 46—8

1 JEHOVAH lives, and be his name
By every heart ador'd!
From age to age he is the same,
The only God and Lord!

2 He is our Rock when troubles rise,
And storms and tempests lower;
He rides triumphant in the skies,
And saves us by his power.

3 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
We give Jehovah praise;
Lift up our hearts, and holy songs
To our Deliverer raise.

4 He saves from danger, death, and hell,
From fear, distress, and harm;
Makes every soul in safety dwell,
For mighty is his arm.

5 Great is the mercy we have found,
And great shall be our praise;
We 'll spread his power and mercy round,
And songs of honour raise.

295. C. M.

Unbounded Goodness.

1 IMMORTAL Fountain of my life,
My last, my noblest end;
Eternal Centre of my soul,
Where all its motions tend.

2 Thou object of my dearest love,
My heavenly paradise,
The spring of all my flowing joys,
My everlasting bliss.

3 My God, my hope, my vast reward,
And all I would possess;
Still more than these pathetic names
And charming words express:

4 Come, tune my heart to grateful praise,
And shed abroad thy love;
O, may I honour Thee below,
And sing thy grace above.

---

296. C. M.

Song of Praise.

1 NOW to our God a song of praise,
For holy is his name;
Gracious and true are all his ways,
We will his love proclaim.

2 See from his throne divinely flow
His heavenly truth and love;
Now we his great salvation know,
His richest mercy prove.

3 Jesus, thou hast to us made known
The doctrines of thy word;
Thou art our Saviour God alone,
We know no other Lord.

4 To Thee our songs of praise arise,
Thou wilt accept our lays;
And as to purer states we rise,
We'll give Thee purer praise.

---

297. C. M.

The Ascension.

1 THE gracious Saviour bow'd his head,
And drew his parting breath:
The spotless Victim vanquish'd sin,
And died to conquer death.

2 Three days, so High Behest ordain'd,
Death triumph'd o'er his prize;
The hour of grace at length arriv'd,
Behold the Conqueror rise!

3 At the appointed time rose,
And wing'd to heaven his flight,
For endless ages there to sit
Enthron'd in realms of light.

4 Vast was the grace that gave to death
The anointed Son of God;
That bid the Saviour feel for us
The keen, the chast'ning rod.

5 With every grateful thought inspir'd,
Devoutly let us raise
Our humble voice to mercy's throne,
In never ceasing praise.

6 Nor is this all; our grateful life
Should speak the thankful mind,
While deeds of never ending good
Proclaim that God is kind.

298. L. M.

Celebration of the Lord. Isa. xii.

1 THE joyful, happy day appears,
Jehovah dries his Zion's tears!
He comes to bless the humble race,
And show the wonders of his grace.

2 Great God, my praise shall rise to Thee,
Thy seeming anger 's turn'd from me;
My comforts now thou wilt restore,
And weeping Zion weep no more.

3 Behold our God, the mighty God,
Who spread the numerous worlds abroad,
Is our salvation; we rejoice,
And praise his name with cheerful voice.

4 We 'll trust in him, nor be afraid,
Jehovah is our fortress made;
He is our strength, his arm is strong,
And we 'll exalt him in our song.

5 Wells of salvation open stand,
And living waters bless the land;
And while we draw, with joys divine,
Our grateful praises, Lord, are thine.

---

299. C. M.

"Seek first the kingdom of God."

1 NOW let a pure ambition rise,
And ardor fire our breast,
To reign in worlds above the skies,
In heavenly glories drest.

2 Behold Jehovah's royal hands,
A radiant crown display,
Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
While suns and stars decay.

3 Then seek no more for transient good,
Nor longer call it thine,
But strive to gain superior joys,
Immortal and divine.

4 Ye hearts, with youthful vigour warm,
The glorious przie pursue;
Nor shall ye want the goods of earth,
While heaven is kept in view.

---

300. H. M.

The Resurrection.

1 MY life 's a shade, my days
Apace to death decline;
My Lord is life, he 'll raise
My dust again, e'en mine:
Sweet truth to me, I shall arise,
And with these eyes my Saviour see.

2 My peaceful grave shall keep
My bones till that sweet day
I wake from my long sleep,
And leave my bed of clay. Sweet truth, &c.

3 My Lord his angels shall
Their golden trumpets sound;
At whose most welcome call
My grave shall be unbound. Sweet truth, &c.

4 I said some times with tears,
"Ah me, I'm loth to die!"
Lord, silence thou those fears,
My life 's with Thee on high. Sweet truth, &c.

5 What means my trembling heart,
To be thus shy of death?
With life I shall not part,
Though I resign my breath. Sweet truth, &c.

Then welcome, harmless death!
By Thee to heaven I'll go;
My Lord his death shall save
Me from the shades below.
veet truth to me, I shall arise,
ıd with these eyes my Saviour see.

301. H. M.

Delight in Public Worship. Psalm lxxxiv.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples, are!
› thine abode my heart aspires,
ith warm desires to see my God.

O happy souls that pray,
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men, that pay
Their constant service there!
ıey praise thee still; and happy they
ho love the way to Zion's hill.

They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
glorious seat, when God our king
ıall thither bring our willing feet!

302. C. M.

Devout Contemplation of Creation.

LOOK round, O man! survey this globe;
Think of creating power;
See nature give a different robe
To every herb and flower.

2 See various beings fill the air,
And people earth and sea;
What grateful changes form the year;
How constant night and day!

3 Now raise thine eye; the expanse above
A power unbounded shows;
See round the sun the planets move,
And various worlds compose.

4 Then turn into thyself, O man!
With wonder view thy soul;
Confess his power who laid each plan,
And still directs the whole.

5 And let obedience to his laws
Thy gratitude proclaim,
To him, the first almighty cause;
Jehovah is his name.

---

303. C. M.

Morning Hymn.

1 LORD, in the morning thou shall hear
My voice ascending high;
To Thee will I direct my prayer,
To Thee lift up mine eye:

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

304. C. M.

tion and consolation from the Scriptures.

we would make thy word our joy,
ting heritage ;
our noblest powers employ,
urmest thoughts engage.

he sun, a heavenly light,
uides us all the day ;
ugh the dangers of the night,
to lead our way.

epts oft would we survey ;
ep thy laws in sight,
all the business of the day,
le our actions right.

h 's a land of wealth unknown,
springs of life arise,
ds of endless bliss are sown,
boundless glory lies.

relief that mourners have,
s our sorrows bless'd ;
home beyond the grave,
eternal rest.

---

305. C. M.

ose who have returned from abroad. Psa. cvi.

gs of praise from all below,
e, O God, ascend,
unties unexhausted flow,
mercies know no end.
by them that debt be paid,
dangers circling round,
in thy almighty aid
sure protection found.

2 The wand'ring exile, doom'd to stray
O'er dreary deserts wide;
Who fearless takes his timely way,
With God, his guard and guide:—
The sailor, on the swelling sea,
When storms impending lower,
Or tempests rage; who trusts in thee,
And owns thy mighty power.

3 The wretch, who, press'd by countless woes,
That no cessation see,
Still bids his steadfast hope repose,
Almighty Lord! on thee.
All, all shall join to bless thy name,
Whose heavenly aid they prove:
As all have felt, let all proclaim
Thy boundless power and love.

---

306. P. M. 10s. 11s.

Adoration of God's Greatness, Mercy, &c. Psa. cxiv. 1—3.

1

THY name we extol, Jehovah our King,
For ever in Thee we 'll triumph and sing;
From morning to evening thy goodness we 'll praise,
And while we have being thy honour we 'll raise.

2

How great is the Lord! no tongue can make known
The infinite God, eternal his throne;
And great be his praises, by all be they given,
By men, and by angels, on earth and in heaven.

3

The works of his hand declare his vast might;
His terrible acts are holy and right;
His truth and his justice are seen in his ways,
And his mighty wonders demand highest praise.

His goodness and truth, how rich do they prove!
No anger he bears, his nature is love;
To all he is tender, and good doth impart;
To him will we render the praise of the heart.

307. S. M.

Kingdom of Christ. Psa. cxlv. 10—13.

1 ALL angels bless'd above,
And happy spirits there,
Sing of Jehovah's boundless love,
His mercy they declare.

2 The kingdom he hath rais'd,
The holy angels sing!
The glory, power, and love are prais'd,
Of their almighty King.

3 To men are now made known
The glories of the Lord;
And men shall bow before the throne,
And Jesus be ador'd.

4 His kingdom now must stand
Eternal ages sure;
It is the work of Jesus' hand,
And ever shall endure.

5 Praise ye the holy Lord,
Who in his church are found;
The honours of your God record,
While angels aid the sound.

308. C. M.

Jesus the friend of sinners. Psa. clxv. 14—17.

1 OUR Jesus is divinely kind,
The lost he will restore;
He raises up the humble mind,
He elevates the poor.

2 To heavenly truth and good he leads
The wretched, starving race:
The hungry mind he richly feeds,
For free is Jesus' grace.

3 The poor and dying sinners live,
By Jesus' mercy bless'd;
And every good his hand will give,
Till rais'd to endless rest.

4 The Lord 's a God of love divine,
And blessed be his name;
His goodness, truth, and love are mine,
And I'll exalt his fame.

309. L. M.

The voice of Nature.

1 THE lofty pillars of the sky,
And spacious concave rais'd on high,
Spangled with stars, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun from day to day,
Pours knowledge on his golden ray;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale;
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars, that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is Divine."

310. C. M.

God's Providence and Care of his Children. Psa. cxlvii. 1—3.

1 'TIS good to praise Jehovah's name,
And of his mercy sing;
To speak of his eternal fame,
And celebrate our King.

2 Sweet is the work to sing and tell
The goodness of the Lord;
How we by love are rais'd from hell,
And by the truth restor'd.

3 'Tis pleasant to exalt our God,
Who gathers outcasts in,
And sends his love and truth abroad
To heal the plague of sin.

4 The broken heart of deepest wound
The Lord in mercy heals;
Makes dying sinners strong and sound,
And for the wretched feels.

5 Sing to the Lord, his love declare,
My voice shall gladly join;
He saves our souls, we are his care,
His mercy is divine.

311. C. M.

God worshipped as our Creator. Psa. c. 1—5.

1 COME, serve the Lord with love and joy,
And in his presence sing;
Cheerful your hearts and tongues employ,
The Lord alone is King.

2 He forms his church by power divine,
The work is all his own;
Let us in holy praises join
To God the Lord alone.

3 The holy gates we enter in,
And in his kingdom stand;
Releas'd from foes, and sav'd from sin,
By his almighty hand.

4 Ye sons of Zion, rise and sing,
Who in his pastures feed;
Give praises to your sovereign King,
For he is God indeed.

5 We are his people, and his sheep,
Our Shepherd is the Lord;
He will our souls in safety keep,
And be his name ador'd.

---

312. S. M.

God our Shepherd. Psa. xxiii. 1, 2.

1 THE Lord my Shepherd is,
And every good will grant;
The heavens and all therein are his,
And I shall never want.

2 In pastures green and fair,
He makes my spirit rest;
Preserves me safe from every snare,
And I'm divinely bless'd.

3 With every truth and good
He doth my spirit fill;
I eat the soul-supporting food,
And drink the limpid rill.

4 These living waters flow
Where'er my Shepherd leads;
The fruitful pastures richly grow,
And there my soul he feeds.

5 I'll bless his holy name,
And tell how kind and good;
My Shepherd's tender care proclaim,
And praise my loving God.

313. L. M.

Dedicatory Hymn.

1 WITH joyful hearts and tuneful songs,
Let us approach the mighty Lord;
With songs and honours on our tongues,
And sound his wond'rous truth abroad.
His glorious name on golden lyres,
Strike all the tuneful choirs above!
And boundless nature's realm conspire
To celebrate his matchless love.

2 The heaven of heavens is his bright throne,
And cherubs wait his high behest:
Yet, for the merits of his Son,
He visits man in humble dust.
In temples sacred to his name
His saints assemble round his board:
Raise their hosannas to his name,
And taste the supper of the Lord.

3 O! God our King! this joyful day
We dedicate this house to Thee;
Here would we meet, to sing and pray,
And learn how sweet thy dwellings be.
Oh! King of saints! thou sovereign Lord!
Bow the high heavens and lend thine ear,
Oh! make this house thy fix'd abode,
And let thy heavenly Dove rest here.

4 Within these walls, may Jesus' charms
Allure ten thousand souls to love;
And all, supported by his arms,
Shine bright in realms of bliss above.
There saints of every tribe and tongue
Shall join the armies of the Lamb;
Hymn hallelujahs to the Son,
The Spirit and the great I AM.

314. L. M.

Affectionate praise for Divine mercies. Psa. ciii. 1—5.

1 BLESS, O my soul, the God of love,
Who rules o'er all in heaven above;
His great and holy name adore,
In songs of joy for evermore.

2 'Tis he redeems us from the grave,
For none but God hath power to save;
Sins he removes, and sets us free
From wounds, and death, and misery.

3 The loving-kindness of the Lord,
Our tongues with rapture shall record;
Our lives redeem'd by power divine,
Those lives be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Jesus distributes every good,
And fills our mouths with heavenly food;
Our strength renew'd, with eagle's wing,
We mount to heaven, and praise our King.

315. S. M.

Communion Hymn. Psa. xxiii. 5, 6.

1 WHILE in this wilderness
Our God a table spreads,
Jesus our shepherd deigns to bless,
*And rich*ly are we fed.

The oil of love divine
Internally is given;
ow great the bliss; come let us join
To praise the God of heaven.

Goodness and mercy flow
Through all our happy days;
ıd, as to better worlds we go,
Our souls shall sing his praise.

---

316. C. M.

Human Frailty.

LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour;
How soon the vapour flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming, dies.

The once lov'd form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And wither'd all her joys.

But wait the interposing gloom,
And lo, stern winter flies;
And dress'd in beauty's fairest bloom,
The flowery tribes arise.

Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore,
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

Then cease, fond nature! cease thy tears;
Religion points on high;
There everlasting spring appears,
And joys that cannot die.

317. C. M.

God praised by all Nations. Psa. cxvii.

1 O PRAISE the Lord, ye nations, praise;
Ye people, speak his fame;
All ye, in truth and goodness found,
Exalt Jehovah's name.

2 His kindness is for ever free,
His mercies ever great,
To all of every name and land,
Though mean and low their state.

3 His truth for ever shall endure,
Adore him for his word;
His laws and promises are sure,
Praise ye the loving Lord.

4 My soul exults in Jesus' name,
I love to hear his voice:
He is my Saviour and my God,
In him I will rejoice.

---

318. P. M. 8s.

Praise to the Supreme Ruler and Judge.

1 O SING to the Lord a new song!
The universe join in the strain;
Each day the glad tribute prolong,
His wonders, his glory maintain.
Let gratitude bless the kind power
From whom our salvation descends:
How great is the God we adore;
How rich are the blessings he sends!

2 In beauty of holiness bow:
O worship with fear and with love!
How solemn his temples below!
How glorious his presence above!

Proclaim to the nations around,
Our God, the omnipotent, reigns,
Whose righteousness space cannot bound,
Whose purpose unalter'd remains!

319. C. M.

Encouragement from the Experience of God's Goodness.

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just:
Protection he affords to all
Who make his name their trust.

3 O make but trial of his love!
Experience will decide,
How bless'd are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

4 Fear him, ye saints! and you will then
Have nothing else to fear:
O make his service your delight;
Your wants shall be his care!

320. S. M.

The Promise is to you and your Children.

1 LORD, what our ears have heard,
Our eyes delighted trace;
Thy love in long succession shown
To every rising race.
Our children thou dost claim,
And mark them out for thine;
Ten thousand blessings to thy name
For goodness so divine.

2 Thee, let the fathers own,
And thee, the sons adore;
Join'd to the Lord in solemn vows,
To be forgot no more.
Thy covenant may they keep,
And bless the happy bands,
Which closer still engage their hearts
To honour thy commands.

3 How great thy mercies, Lord!
How plenteous is thy grace!
Which in the promise of thy love,
Includes our rising race.
Our offspring, still thy care,
Shall own their father's God,
To latest times thy blessings share,
And sound thy praise abroad.

---

321. S. M.

Devotion.

1 LET pure devotion rise,
And kindle to a flame,
Ascend like incense to the skies,
In our Redeemer's name.

2 How perfect and how free
Our heavenly Father's love;
He gave his only Son that we
Might dwell with him above.

3 His word, like drops of dew,
Descends on every heart,
Subdues and fashions us anew,
And bids our sins depart.

His grace our faith sustains,
And dissipates our fear;
inds all our wounds, abates our pains,
And gives us comforts here.

He bids our willing eyes
Look through the gloomy shade,
o joys immortal in the skies,
That never cloy, nor fade.

---

322. L. P. M.

Confidence in Divine Goodness.

GOD is our refuge in distress,
A present help when dangers press,
In him undaunted we 'll confide;
Though earth were from her centre toss'd,
And mountains in the ocean lost,
Torn piece-meal by the roaring tide.

He that has God his guardian made,
Shall under his almighty shade
Secure and undisturb'd abide:
Thus to my soul of him I 'll say,
"He is my fortress, and my stay,
My God in whom I will confide.

His tender love, and watchful care,
Shall free me from the fowler's snare,
And from all noisome pestilence;
He over thee his wings shall spread,
And cover thine unguarded head;
His truth shall be thy strong defence."

323. L. M.

Gratitude.

1 LORD! when our thoughts delighted rove
Amidst the wonders of thy love,
Sweet hope revives each drooping heart,
And bids our doubts and fears depart.

2 Be all our hearts and all our ways
Devoted to thy fervent praise;
And let our glad obedience prove
How much we owe, how much we love.

---

324. C. M.

Various and universal praise to God. Psa. cl.

1 YE children of the living God,
To serve his name prepare;
Come ye with songs to his abode,
And bow with reverence there.

2 The firmament to him belongs,
The inmost of the mind;
Exalt the Lord in all your songs,
For he is good and kind.

3 Praise him for all his power and might,
How excellent his ways!
His every work is just and right,
We give Jehovah praise.

4 By all within us that has life
Be Jesus' praise express'd;
And this alone our daily strife,
To love and praise him best.

325. C. M.

Evening Hymn. Psa. cxxxiv.

1 BLESS ye the Lord with solemn rite;
In hymns extol his name;
Ye who, within his house by night,
Watch round the altar's flame.

2 Lift up your hands amid the place
Where burns the sacred sign,
And pray, that thus Jehovah's face
O'er all the earth may shine.

3 From Zion, from his holy hill,
The Lord our Maker send
The perfect knowledge of his will,
Salvation without end.

---

326. L. M.

The Greatness of God.

1 MY God! my King! O may thy praise
Fill all the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
And after death exalt my song!

2 May every opening morning bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun still see
New works of duty done for Thee!

3 Thy works with boundless glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let land to land aloud proclaim
The matchless honour of thy name.

4 But who can speak thy wond'rous deeds!
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways;
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

327. C. M.

The Christian Pilgrimage.

1 AND can we ask a better aid
Than Jesus, in the road?
Of whom shall we be once afraid,
Protected by our God?

2 Jesus, thou art our skilful Guide,
In all our way to heaven;
By Thee are all our wants supplied,
And every mercy given.

3 The living waters constant flow,
Our thirst to satisfy;
Thou givest, all the way we go,
Of bread a rich supply.

4 O happy church! lift up your voice,
In songs of honour sing:
In your own Saviour God rejoice,
For he alone is King.

---

328. Q. M.

The Same.

1 SOON will appear a brighter sky,
As homeward we go on;
All fears and foes before us fly,
And troubles all be gone.

2 The prospect opens, grand and new,
See Salem's walls arise:
Soon shall we brighter glories view
In yonder happy skies.

3 And shall we meet in heaven above,
Before Jehovah's face?
For ever bask in beams of love,
With all the angel race?

4 It shall be so; let us pursue
With faithfulness our way;
For nothing more have we to do,
But love, believe, obey.

5 O happy church! lift up your voice,
In songs of honour sing;
In your own Saviour God rejoice,
For he alone is King.

---

329. C. M.

Divine Providence in Air, Earth and Sea.

1 'TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power!
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

2 The morning light and evening shade,
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air are thine;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The Author is divine.

4 Those wand'ring cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watery treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

330. C. M.

The Christian's Progress.

1 JESUS, our God of truth and love,
Who leads us by his hand,
Provides us palaces above,
In his most happy land.

2 There love divine, that holy flame,
Will all our powers we raise,
To celebrate Jehovah's name
In higher songs of praise.

3 There science will to wisdom rise,
That wisdom be refin'd;
All heaven conspire to make us wise,
And elevate the mind.

4 There love and wisdom fill the soul
From Jesus ever given;
Rivers of peace and pleasure roll,
And all the man is heaven.

5 Ye happy souls, lift up the voice,
In songs of glory sing;
In your own Saviour God rejoice,
For he alone is King.

---

331. S. M.

The books of Nature and Scripture.

1 BEHOLD! the lofty sky
Declares its Maker, God,
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.

2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

3 In every different land
Their general voice is known;
They shew the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

4 Ye christian lands, rejoice,
Here he reveals his word;
We are not left to nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.

332. S. M.

The Lord's Day Morning.

1 BEHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just;
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
O, may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven!

333. L. M.

Salvation by Christ.

1 SALVATION is for ever nigh,
To souls that fear and trust the Lord;
And grace descending from on high,
Fresh *hopes of glory* shall afford.

2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from heaven
By his obedience, so complete,
Justice is pleas'd, and peace is given.

3 Now truth and honour shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heavenly influence bless the ground,
In our Redeemer's gentler reign.

4 His righteousness is gone before
To give us free access to God:
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps, and keep the road.

---

334. C. M.

Delight in Ordinances.

1 MY soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 There the great monarch of the skies
His saving power displays;
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quick'ning rays.

3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wond'rous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercies there,
And sing thy praises still.

My heart and soul cry out for Thee,
While far from thine abode;
When shall I tread thy courts, and see
My Saviour and my God?

The sparrow builds herself a nest,
And suffers no remove;
Oh! make me like the sparrow blest,
To dwell but where I love.

335. C. M.

Brotherly Love.

LO, what an entertaining view
Are brethren that agree!
Brethren whose cheerful hearts pursue
The path to unity!

When streams of love from Christ, the spring,
Descend to every soul,
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole:

'Tis like the oil divinely sweet
On Aaron's reverend head,
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.

'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shews,
And makes his grace distil.

336. H. M.

The Efficacy of the Gospel. Isa. lv. 10, 11.

MARK the soft falling-snow,
And the diffusive rain!
To heaven, *from* whence it fell,

It turns not back again!
But waters earth through every pore,
And calls forth all her secret store.

2 Array'd in beauteous green
The hills and vallies shine,
And man and beast are fed
By providence divine:
The harvest bows its golden ears,
The copious seed of future years.

3 So, saith the God of grace,
My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend;
Millions of souls shall feel its power,
And bear it down to millions more.

---

337. S. M.

Praise for Spiritual and Temporal Mercies.

1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave;
He who redeem'd my soul from hell
Hath Sovereign Power to save.

e fills the poor with good;
e gives the sufferers rest;
Lord hath judgments for the proud,
nd justice for the oppress'd.

is wond'rous works and ways
e made by Moses known;
sent the world his truth and grace
y his beloved Son.

---

338. S. M.

The Lord's Day. Psa. cxviii. 22—27.

EE what a living Stone
he builders did refuse!
God hath built his church thereon,
or Gentiles and for Jews.

he work, O Lord, is thine,
nd wond'rous in our eyes!
day declares it all divine;
his day did Jesus rise.

his is the glorious day
hat our Redeemer made;
us rejoice, and sing, and pray,
et all the church be glad!

osanna to the King
f David's royal blood;
s him, ye saints, he comes to bring
alvation from your God.

e bless thine holy word,
hich all this grace displays;
offer on thine altar, Lord,
ur sacrifice of praise.

339. L. M.

Divine Power and Mercy. Psa. cxxxviii.

1 THEE will I praise, O Lord, in light,
Where seraphim surround thy throne;
With heart and soul, with mind and might,
Thee will I worship, Thee alone.

2 I bow toward thy holy place;
For thou, in mercy still the same,
Hast magnified thy word of grace
O'er all the wonders of thy name.

3 In peril, when I cried to Thee,
How did thy strength renew my soul!
Kings and their realms might bend the knee,
Could I to man reveal the whole.

4 Thou, Lord, above all height art high,
Yet with the lowly wilt thou dwell;
The proud far off, thy jealous eye
Shall mark, and with a look repel.

5 Though in the depth of trouble thrown,
With grief I shall not always strive;
Thou wilt thy suffering servant own,
And thou the contrite heart revive.

6 Thy purpose then in me fulfil;
Forsake me not, for I am thine;
Perfect in me thine utmost will;—
Whate'er it be, that will be mine.

340. C. M.

The Goodness of God. Psa. clxv. 7, &c.

1 SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On Thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pard'ning word
To cheer the souls he loves.

Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints, that taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

---

341. C. M.

The Resurrection of the Martyrs. Rev. vii. 13, &c.

"THESE glorious minds, how bright they shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the happy seats
Of everlasting day?"

From torturing pains to endless joys
On fiery wheels they rode,
And strangely wash'd their raiment white
In Jesus' dying blood.

Now they approach a spotless God,
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps and sacred songs
Adore *the Holy* One.

4 The unveil'd glories of his face
Amongst his saints reside,
While the rich treasure of his grace
Sees all their wants supplied.

5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
And hunger flee as fast;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.

6 The Lamb shall lead his heavenly flock
Where living fountains rise,
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

---

342. S. M.

The blessedness of Gospel Times. Isa. v. 2, 7, &c.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice,
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King!
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

343. S. M.

Prayer in Sickness.

1 MY Sovereign, to thy throne,
With humble hope I press;
O bow thine ear to hear the groan
Of anguish and distress!

2 My life, bow'd down with pain,
Mourns its decaying bloom;
Lord, clothe these bones with flesh again,
And save me from the tomb.

3 Without one murmuring word,
Thy chastening I receive;
But with submission ask, O Lord!
A merciful reprieve.

4 My supplicating voice,
Unwearied I will raise:
Say to thy servant's soul, 'Rejoice!'
And fill my mouth with praise.

344. P. M. 8 s.

The beauties of the Spring.

1 HOW sweetly along the gay mead
The daisies and cowslips are seen!
The flocks, as they carelessly feed,
Rejoice *in the* beautiful green.

2 The vines that encircle the bowers,
The herbage that springs from the sod,
Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flowers,
All rise to the praise of my God.

3 Shall man, the great master of all,
The only insensible prove?
Forbid it, fair gratitude's call,
Forbid it, devotion and love.

4 The Lord, who such wonders can raise,
And still can destroy with a nod,
My lips shall incessantly praise,
My soul shall rejoice in my God.

---

345. C. M.

The aged Saint's reflection and hope. Psa. lxxi. 5—9.

1 MY God, mine everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thine hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my youth.
New wonders, Lord, mine eyes have seen
With each revolving year;
Thou know'st the days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God my strength depart?
Let me thy power and truth proclaim
To the surviving age;
And leave a savour of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.

3 By long experience I have known
Thy sovereign power to save;
At thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave.

When I am buried in the dust,
My flesh shall be thy care;
These withering limbs with Thee I trust,
To raise them strong and fair.

---

346. L. M.

God's unbounded Goodness. Psa. cxlv.

1 THE Lord is gracious to forgive,
And slow to let his anger move;
The Lord is good to all that live,
And all his tender mercy prove.

2 Thy works, O God, thy praise proclaim;
The saints thy wond'rous deeds shall sing,
Extol thy power, and to thy name
Homage from every nation bring.

3 Glorious in majesty art Thou;
Thy throne for ever shall endure;
Angels before thy footstool bow,
Yet dost thou not despise the poor.

4 The Lord upholdeth them that fall;
He raiseth men of low degree;
O God, our health, the eyes of all,
Of all the living, wait on Thee.

5 Thou openest thine exhaustless store,
And rainest food on every land;
The dumb creation Thee adore,
And eat their portion from thy hand.

6 Man most indebted, most beloved,
Man only, is a rebel here;
Teach him to know thee, O! our God,
Teach him to love Thee, and to fear.

347. C. M.

Christ the great High Priest of our profession.

1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb!
We love to hear of Thee!
No music like thy charming name,
Can half so pleasing be!

2 O may we ever hear thy voice
In mercy to us speak!
And in our Priest will we rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec.

3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme
While in this world we stay;
We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay.

4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all his favour'd throng,
Then will we sing more sweet and loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

---

348. L. M.

The Offices of Christ.

1 JOIN all the names of love and power
That ever men or angels bore,
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Or set Immanuel's glory forth.

2 But O, what condescending ways
He takes to teach his heavenly grace;
Mine eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears to me.

3 I love my Shepherd, he shall keep
My wandering soul amongst his sheep;
He feeds his flocks, he calls their names,
And in his bosom bears the lambs.

My Lord, my Conqueror, and my King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword I sing;
Thine is the victory, and I sit
A joyful subject at thy feet.

---

349. L. M.

Divine Power and Grace. Psa. cxxxvi.

GIVE to our God immortal praise,
Mercy and truth are all his ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong:
Repeat his mercies in your song.

Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry worlds on high;
Wonders of grace to God belong:
Repeat his mercies in your song.

He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When sun and moon shall shine no more.

He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

Through this short life he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When time and death shall be no more.

350. C. M.

God's tender care of his Church.

1 NOW shall my inward joys arise,
And burst into a song;
Almighty love inspires my heart,
And pleasures tune my tongue.

2 God on his thirsty Zion's hill
Some mercy-drops has thrown,
And solemn oaths have bound his love
To shower salvation down.

3 Why do we then indulge our fears,
Suspicion and complaints?
Is he a God, and shall his grace
Grow weary of his saints?

4 Can a kind woman e'er forget
The infant of her care,
And 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts,
Her suckling have no share.

5 Yet, saith the Lord, should nature change,
And mothers monsters prove,
Zion still dwells upon the heart
Of everlasting love.

6 Deep on the palms of both my hands
I have engrav'd her name;
My hands shall raise her ruin'd walls,
And build her broken frame.

---

351. S. M.

Obedience to God our Father.

1 MY Father! I adore
That all-commanding name;
O may it virtue's strength restore,
And raise devotion's flame!

2 I bow at thy commands,
And filial homage pay;
With heart and life, with tongue and hands,
I 'll cheerfully obey.

3 No more will I transgress,
As I too oft have done;
But every sinful thought suppress,
Each sinful action shun.

4 My Father thus I 'll claim,
And prove myself his son;
And while I bear the filial name,
The filial duties own.

5 Do thou the strength impart,
This purpose to fulfil:
Lord, write thy laws upon my heart,
That I may do thy will.

---

352. S. M.

Heavenly Joys on Earth.

1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from the place;
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

2 The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas;

This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love,
He shall send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.

3 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.
Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We 're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

---

353. C. M.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

1 COME, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

Dear Lord! and shall we ever lie
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

---

354. C. M.

Prospect of Heaven makes death easy.

THERE is a land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews, old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
Through *fear to* launch away.

5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise—
And see the Canaan which we love,
With unbeclouded eyes:

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

---

355. C. M.

The Everlasting Covenant. 2 Sam. xxiii. 5.

1 MY God, the covenant of thy love
Abides for ever sure;
And in its matchless grace we feel
Our happiness secure.

2 What though our house be not with Thee,
As nature could desire;
To higher joys than nature gives,
Our nobler views aspire.

3 Since thou, the everlasting God,
Our Father art become;
Jesus our Guardian and our Friend,
And heaven our final home;

4 We welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when thy providence is dark,
We wait the light above.

5 Thy covenant in the darkest gloom,
Shall heavenly rays impart;
And when our eyelids close in death,
Shall cheer the trembling heart.

356. S. M.

Lord's Day.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise!
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where Jesus is within,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

---

357. C. M.

Breathing after the Liberty of the Truth.

1 MAKER of earth, shall man despise
The riches of thy grace;
And wild untutor'd passions rise,
His glory to deface?
When shall the power of love divine,
Its light and heat display;
To make thy glories brighter shine,
And bring the promis'd day?

2 When shall that monster of deceit
Be bound with chains of light;
And truth and love in one agree
To speak the Saviour's might?

When shall thy sons in union join,
And gospel armour wear;
Gird on the sword of truth divine,
And to the cross repair?

3 Hasten, O God, the happy day,
When Adam's exil'd race
Shall bow, and own, without delay,
The sceptre of thy grace.
While seraphim surround thy throne,
And saints that reign on high,
Shall join with harps the choral song,
In strains that never die.

---

358. L. M. Six Line.

Confidence in God's Mercy.

1 O LOVE, thou boundless sea of bliss!
My sins are swallow'd up in thee;
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
From condemnation I am free;
Whilst Jesus' blood, through earth and skies
Mercy! free, boundless mercy! cries.

2 With faith I plunge me in that sea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest!
Hither, when hell assaults I flee:
I look into my Saviour's breast.
Away! sad doubt, and anxious fear,
Mercy is all that 's written there.

3 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Tho' strength, and health, and friends be g
Though joys be wither'd all, and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn:
Steadfast on this my soul relies!
Father, Thy mercy never dies!

4 Fix'd on this ground would I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away:
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Lov'd with an everlasting Love.

359. L. M.

The Resurrection.

1 THIS life 's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world, to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?

2 O glorious hour! O bless'd abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

3 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

360. S. M.

Christ's Commission.

1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace hath done.

2 Sing how eternal Love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bid him raise our sinful race
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardon down
To rebels doom'd to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

6 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

---

361. P. M. 10s. 11s.

Thanksgiving. Psa. cxlix.

1

O PRAISE ye the Lord, prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great assembly to sing:
In their great Creator let all men rejoice,
And heirs of salvation be glad in their King.

2

Let them his great name devoutly adore;
In loud swelling strains his praises express,
Who graciously opens his bountiful store,
Their wants to relieve, and his children to bless.

3

With glory adorn'd, his people shall sing
To God, who defence and plenty supplies:
Their loud acclamations to him their great King,
Thro' earth shall be sounded, and reach to the skies

Ye angels above, his glories who 've sung
In strains more exalted, now publish his praise;
We mortals, delighted, would borrow your tongue,
Would join in your numbers, and chant to your lays.

362. C. M.

Praise to God in every Scene.

1 MY soul shall bless thee, O my God!
Through all my mortal days;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2 In each bright hour of peace and hope,
Be this my sweet employ;
Thy praise refines my earthly bliss,
And doubles all my joy!

3 When gloomy care, or keen distress
Invades my throbbing breast,
My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,
And soothe my pains to rest.

4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honours of my God;
My life, with all my active powers,
Shall spread his praise abroad.

5 When death is past, in purer strains
My grateful praise I'll pay;
The theme demands a nobler song,
And an eternal day.

363. L. M.

Retirement and Meditation.

1 MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and Thee;
Amidst *ten thousand* thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus degrade my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense,
Thy sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

---

364. C. M.

The Promises.

1 OUR God! how firm his promise stands,
E'en when he hides his face!
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
His glory and his grace.

2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,
Since Christ and we are one?
Our God is faithful to his saints,
Is faithful to his Son.

3 Beneath his smiles my heart has liv'd,
And part of heaven possess'd;
I'll praise him for his grace receiv'd,
And trust him for the rest.

---

365. P. M. 8 s. 7 s.

The Paschal Lamb.

1 HAIL, thou once-despised Jesus!
Hail, thou Galilean King!
Who didst suffer to release us,
Who didst free salvation bring!

Hail, thou universal Saviour!
Who hast borne our sin and shame,
By whose merits we find favour,
Life is given through thy name!

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins were on thee laid!
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made;
Every sin is now forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Open'd is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Worship, honour, power and blessing,
Christ is worthy to receive—
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give!
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays,
Help to sing Christ Jesus' merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

366. C. M.

Pardon brought to our senses.

1 LORD, how divine thy comforts are!
How heavenly is the place
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
Of his redeeming grace!

2 "Here" (says the kind redeeming Lord,
And shews his wounded side)
"See here the spring of all your joys,
That open'd when I died."

3 He smiles, and cheers my mournful heart,
And *tells of all his* pain;
"All this (he says) I bore for thee,"
And then he smiles again.

4 What shall we pay our heavenly King,
For grace so vast as this?
He brings our pardon to our eyes,
And seals it with a kiss.

5 Let such amazing love as this
Be sounded all abroad,
Such favours are beyond degrees,
And worthy of a God.

6 To him that wash'd us in his blood,
Be everlasting praise,
Salvation, honour, glory, power,
Eternal as his days.

---

367. P. M. 11 s.

God our Shepherd and Guardian.

1 THE Lord is our shepherd, our guardian and guide;
Whatever we want he will kindly provide!
To sheep of his pasture his mercies abound,
His care and protection his flock will surround.

2 The Lord is our Shepherd; what then shall we fear?
What danger can frighten us while he is near?
Not when the time calls us to walk through the vale
Of th' shadow of death, shall our hearts ever fail:

3 Though afraid, of ourselves, to pursue the dark way,
Thy rod and thy staff be our comfort and stay;
We know by thy guidance, when once it is past,
To a fountain of life it will bring us at last.

4 The Lord is become our salvation and song,
His blessings have follow'd us all our life long;
His name we will praise while we have any breath,
Content all our life, and resign'd in our death.

368. P. M. 11 s. 5s. Sapphic.

The everlasting Spring.

1

OLD hoary winter now has ceas'd his raging,
And all his storms and blasts are hush'd in silence;
And in return the mild and gentle spring comes,
Blooming with verdure.

2

All nature smiles amid the gay creation:
A brilliant scene of beauty now approaches;
The loves and graces in their softest accents
Breathe forth sweet music.

3

If such delights from the gay decorations
Of smiling spring and a few opening flowers,
Whose short-liv'd glories soon are gone and blasted,
Their beauty fading:

4

Rise then, ye ransom'd, and sing forth the grandeur
Of spring immortal, when the great arch-angel
With his shrill trumpet bursts the gloomy mansions
Of the redeemed.

5

Then shall the mortal put on the immortal,
Cloth'd in white robes they shall ascend to Jesus,
Where he in triumph on his throne of glory
Bids a sweet welcome.

6

Hark! how the grand celestial chorus echoes
Through the wide arch, when all the mighty seraphs
With *golden harps*, in accents so melodious
Shout the Redeemer!

369. P. M. 10s. 11s.

Salvation to God and the Lamb.

1 REJOICE evermore, with angels above,
In Jesus's power, in Jesus's love;
With glad exultation your triumph proclaim,
Ascribing salvation to God and the Lamb.

2 Thou, Lord, our relief in trouble hast been;
Hast sav'd us from grief, hast sav'd us from sin;
The power of thy Spirit can set our hearts free,
And we shall inherit all fulness in Thee.

3 All fulness of peace, all fulness of joy,
And spiritual bliss that never can cloy;
To us it is given in Jesus to know,
A kingdom of heaven, a heaven below.

---

370. L. M. Six Line.

Jesus, who is the Christ.

1 COME, O thou universal good!
Balm of the wounded conscience, come!
The hungry, dying spirit's food!
The weary, wand'ring pilgrim's home;
Haven to take the shipwreck'd in,
My everlasting rest from sin!

2 Come, O my comfort and delight!
My strength, and health, and shield, and sun;
My boast, my confidence, and might,
My joy, my glory, and my crown;
My gospel-hope, my calling's prize,
My tree of life, my paradise.

371. P. M. 11 s.

Confidence in God's grace. Psa. xxiii.

1

THE Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when opprest.

2

Through th' valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay,
No harm can befal, with my Comforter near.

3

In th' midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasur'd my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
O, what shall I ask of thy providence more?

4

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above;
I seek,—by the path which my forefathers trod
Thro' th' land of their sojourn,—thy kingdom of love.

---

372. C. M.

Christ's Invitation.

1 THE Saviour calls! let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound!
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fears!
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsting, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow;
And life, and health and bliss impart
To banish mortal woe.

3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise
To ease your every pain;
Immortal *fountain*! full supplies!
Nor shall you thirst in vain.

4 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice;
The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
And can you yet delay?

5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
To Thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink and never die.

---

373. L. M.

The Gospel feast. Luke xiv. 17, 18, 21, 23.

1 COME, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 "Have me excus'd!" why will you say?
From health, and life, and liberty;
From all that is in Jesus given,
From pardon, holiness, and heaven.

3 Come then, ye souls, by sin oppress'd,
Ye weary wand'rers after rest,
Ye poor and maimed, halt and blind,
In Christ an hearty welcome find.

4 See him set forth before your eyes!
Behold the bleeding sacrifice!
His boundless love doth all embrace,
We freely now are sav'd by grace.

5 Ye, who believe his record true,
Shall sup with him and he with you;
Come to the feast, you're sav'd from sin,
And Jesus waits to take you in.

374. P. M. 7s. 6s.

Faith in God. Psa. xxvii.

1 GOD is my strong salvation,
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance,
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate:
His might thine heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;—
The Lord will give thee peace.

---

375. C. M.

"We are come to Mount Zion."

1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunders of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;
But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

2 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels cloth'd in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose *faith is* turn'd to sight!

Behold the bless'd assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven!
And God, the Judge of all declares
Their vilest sins forgiven.

3 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, the living head,
And of his grace partake!
In such society as this,
My weary soul would rest;
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be for ever blest.

---

376. P. M. 7s.

Beneficence.

1 FATHER of our feeble race!
Wise, beneficent, and kind!
Spread o'er nature's ample face,
Flows thy goodness unconfin'd.
Musing in the silent grove,
Or the busy walks of men,
Still we trace thy wond'rous love,
Claiming large returns again.

2 Lord, what offering shall we bring
At thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring
Whence the kind affections flow:
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye express'd:
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast:

3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wound, or feed the poor:
Love, embracing all mankind,
Charity, with liberal store.

Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
Thus to shew our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring,
Love to thee and all mankind!

377. P. M. 6s. 4s.

Solemn Invocation. Psalm cviii.

1 COME, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise!
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us, Ancient of days!

2 Come, thou eternal Lord,
By heaven and earth ador'd, Our prayer attend,
Come, and thy people bless;
Give thy good word success;
Make thine own holiness On us descend!

3 Be thou our comforter;
Thy sacred witness bear In this glad hour;
Omnipotent thou art:
Then rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of power!

4 O holy One! to thee
Eternal praises be Hence, evermore!
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity Love and adore!

378. C. M.

The Gospel worthy of all acceptance. 1 Tim. i. 15. Matt. xx. 28.

1 JESUS, the eternal Son of God,
Whom seraphim obey,
The bosom of the Father leaves
And enters human clay.

2 Into our sinful world he comes
The Messenger of grace,
And on the bloody tree expires
A Victim in our place.

3 Transgressors of the deepest stain,
In him salvation find;
His blood removes the foulest guilt,
His spirit heals the mind.

4 Our Jesus saves from sin and hell,
His words are true and sure;
And on this Rock we all may rest
Immoveably secure.

5 O, let these tidings be receiv'd
With universal joy!
And let the highest songs of praise
Our tuneful powers employ.

6 Glory to God! who gave his Son
To bear our sin and pain;
Hence peace on earth, and grace to man
In endless blessings reign.

---

379. L. M.

All things work together for good.

1 NOT from dark fate's relentless tomb,
Nor from the dust our troubles come;
No fickle chance presides o'er grief,
To cause the pain, or send relief.

2 Look up, and see, ye sorrowing saints!
The cause and cure of your complaints:
Know, 'tis your heavenly Father's will;
Bid every murmur then be still.

3 He sees we need the painful yoke;
Yet love directs his heaviest stroke;
He takes no pleasure in our smart,
But wounds to heal the broken heart.

4 Blest trials those that cleanse from sin,
And make the soul all pure within,
Wean the fond mind from earthly toys
To seek and taste celestial joys.

---

380. L. M.

A Call to Thanksgiving and Praise.

1 NOW to our God let praises rise,
From all that dwell below the skies;
Throughout the earth his love proclaim,
With joys eternal in his name.

2 Know that the Lord is God alone,
No rival fills the eternal throne;
We are the creatures of his hand;
Our form and frame his praise demand.

3 We are the people of his care,
His sheep who feed in pastures fair,
The objects of his tender love,
Supplied with blessings from above.

4 Into his earthly temple come,
And raise the anthem and the song;
Let gratitude the lay inspire,
The bosom glow with sacred fire.

5 For God in endless goodness reigns,
And mercy, truth, and love maintains;
Nor time, nor years, nor measur'd space,
Confines the blessings of his grace.

381. P. M. 11 s.

Christ's Nativity. Luke ii. 8—20.

1 AS shepherds in Jewry were guarding their sheep,
Promiscuously seated, estranged from sleep,
An angel from heaven presented to view,
And thus he accosted the trembling few:
"Dispel all your sorrows, and banish your fears,
For Jesus, your Saviour, in Jewry appears.

2 A token I leave you, whereby you may find
This heavenly Stranger, this Friend to mankind:
A manger's his cradle, a stall his abode,
The oxen are near him, and gaze on your Lord.
Then shepherds be humble, be meek, and lie low,
For Jesus your Saviour's abundantly so."

3 This wonderous story scarce cool'd on the ear
When thousands of angels in glory appear;
They join in loud concert, and this was the theme,
"All glory to God, and good will towards men."
Then, shepherds, strike in, join your voice to the choir,
And catch a few sparks of celestial fire.

4 "Hosanna!" the angels in ecstacy cry;
"Hosanna!" the wondering shepherds reply;
"Salvation, redemption, are center'd in one!
All glory to God for the birth of his Son;
Then, shepherds, adieu, we commend you to God;
Go visit the Son in his humble abode."

5 To Bethlehem city the shepherds repair'd,
For full confirmation of what they had heard;
They enter'd the stable with aspect so mild,
And there they beheld both the mother and child.
Then make proclamation, divulge it abroad,
That gentle and simple may hear of the Lord.

382. P. M. 7 s.

Exhortation to praise God. Psa. cxlviii.

1 HERALDS of creation cry,—
Praise the Lord, the Lord most high!
Heaven and earth obey the call,
Praise the Lord, the Lord of all!
For he spake and forth from night
Sprang the universe to light:
He commanded,—Nature heard,
And stood fast upon his word.

2 Praise him, all ye hosts above,
Spirits perfected in love;
Sun and moon, your voices raise,
Sing, ye stars, your Maker's praise.
Earth, from all thy depths below,
Oceans hallelujahs flow;
Lightning, vapour, wind, and storm,
Hail and snow, his will perform.

3 Vales and mountains, burst in song;
Rivers, roll with praise along;
Clap your hands, ye trees, and hail
God, who comes in every gale.
Birds, on wings of rapture, soar,
Warble at his temple-door;
Joyful sounds, from herds and flocks,
Echo back, ye caves and rocks.

4 Kings, your Sovereign serve with awe;
Judges, own his righteous law;
Princes, worship him with fear;
Bow the knee, all people here.
High above all height his throne,
Excellent his name alone;
Him let all his works confess;
Him let every being bless.

383. L. M. Six Line.

God's all-seeing Providence. Psa. cxxxix.

1 SEARCHER of hearts, to Thee are known
The inmost secrets of my breast;
At home, abroad, in crowds, alone,
Thou mark'st my rising and my rest,
My thoughts far off, through every maze,
Source, stream, and issue,—all my ways.

2 No word that from my mouth proceeds,
Evil or good, escapes thine ear;
Witness thou art to all my deeds,
Before, behind, for ever near:
Such knowledge is for me too high;
I live but in my Maker's eye.

3 How from thy presence should I go,
Or whither from thy Spirit flee,
Since all above, around, below,
Exist in thine immensity?—
If up to heaven I take my way,
I meet Thee in eternal day.

4 If in the grave I make my bed
With worms and dust, lo, Thou art there;
If, on the wings of morning sped,
Beyond the ocean I repair,
I feel thine all-controlling will,
And Thy right hand upholds me still.

5 How precious are thy thoughts of peace,
O God, to me! how great the sum!
New every morn they never cease;
They were, they are, and yet shall come,
*In num*ber and in compass, more
Than ocean's sand, or ocean's shore.

3 Search me, O God, and know my heart,
Try me, my secret soul survey,
And warn thy servant to depart
From every false and evil way;
So shall thy truth my guidance be
To life and immortality.

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384. L. M.

Opening of Service.

1 O GOD of grace, before thy throne,
Thy suppliants bow with holy fear;
Those thou art pleas'd to call thine own
Invoke thy sacred presence here.

2 Kind Source of light! thy blessing grant,
Bestow on us thy cheering rays;
Supply our varied mental want,
And thus inspire our hearts to praise.

3 Send thy good spirit from above,
To dissipate the darksome gloom:
Sweet emanation of thy love!
To these desiring bosoms come.

4 Give to thy word successful course,
And spread the triumphs of thy name;
May truth exhibit all her force,
And put the lying lip to shame.

5 And while we worship at thy feet,
Where veiled angels do adore,
Give us *in fellowship* to meet,
To sing thy grace and speak thy power.

385. H. M.

Glory of the Church in the latter Day.

1 O ZION, tune thy voice,
And raise thy hands on high;
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boast salvation nigh:
Cheerful in God, arise and shine,
While rays divine stream all abroad.

2 He gilds the mourning face,
With beams that cannot fade;
His all-resplendent grace
He sheds upon thy head;
The nations round, thy form shall view,
With lustre new divinely crown'd.

3 In honour to his name
Reflect that sacred light,
And loud his grace proclaim
Who makes thy darkness bright;
Pursue his praise till sovereign love
In worlds above, the glory raise.

4 There, on his holy hill,
A brighter sun shall rise,
And with his radiance fill
Those fairer, purer skies;
While round his throne ten thousand stars
In nobler spheres his influence own.

---

386. L. M.

Immortal Praise due to God.

1 O FOR a sweet inspiring ray
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,
The blissful realms where Jesus reigns.

There low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall;
And with delightful worship own
His smiles their bliss, their heaven, their all.

Immortal glories crown his head,
While sounding hallelujahs rise,
And love, and joy, and triumph spread,
Through all the regions of the skies.

He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture, while they gaze;
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.

---

387. L. M.

The Bounties of Providence.

FATHER of all! whose powerful voice
Call'd forth this universal frame;
Whose mercies over all rejoice;
Through endless ages still the same.

Thou, by thy word upholdest all;
Thy bounteous love to all is shew'd;
Thou hear'st thine every creature's call,
And fillest every mouth with good.

In heaven thou reign'st, enthron'd in light,
Nature's expanse beneath Thee spread;
Earth, air and sea before thy sight,
And hell's deep gloom, are open laid.

Wisdom, and might, and love are thine;
Prostrate before thy face we fall,
Confess thine attributes divine,
And hail Thee sovereign Lord of all.

5 Thee, sovereign Lord, let all confess,
That move on earth, or sea, or sky;
Revere thy power, thy goodness bless,
And bow before thy piercing eye.

6 All ye who owe to Him your breath,
In praise your every hour employ;
Jehovah reigns, be glad, O earth!
And shout, ye morning stars, for joy!

---

388. H. M.

Blessings of Union. Psalm cxxxiii.

1 HOW beautiful the sight
Of brethren who agree
In friendship to unite,
And bonds of charity;
'Tis like the precious ointment, shed
O'er all his robes from Aaron's head.

2 'Tis like the dews that fill
The cups of Hermon's flowers;
Or Zion's fruitful hill,
Bright with the drops of showers,
When mingling odours breathe around,
And glory rests on all the ground.

3 For there the Lord commands
Blessings, a boundless store,
From his unsparing hands,
Yea, life for evermore:
Thrice happy they who meet above
To spend eternity in love!

389. S. M.

Prayer for the House of God. Psa. cxxii.

1 GLAD was my heart to hear
My old companions say,
Come—in the house of God appear,
For 'tis an holy day.

2 Our willing feet shall stand
Within the temple-door,
While young and old, in many a band,
Shall throng the sacred floor.

3 Thither the tribes repair,
Where all are wont to meet,
And, joyful in the house of prayer,
Bend at the mercy-seat.

4 Pray for Jerusalam,
The city of our God;
The Lord from heaven be kind to them
That love the dear abode.

5 Within these walls may peace
And harmony be found;
Zion, in all thy palaces,
Prosperity abound!

6 For friends and brethren dear,
Our prayer shall never cease;
Oft as they meet for worship here,
God send his people peace!

---

390. L. M.

Exhortation to Praise. Psa. cxiii.

1 SERVANTS of God, in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His glorious name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

2 Blest be that name, supremely blest,
From the sun's rising to its rest;
Above the heavens his power is known,
Through all the earth his goodness shown.

3 Who is like God!—so great, so high,
He bows himself to view the sky:
And yet, with condescending grace,
Looks down upon the human race.

4 He hears the uncomplaining moan
Of those who sit and weep alone;
He lifts the mourner from the dust,
And saves the poor in him that trust.

5 Servants of God, in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His saving name let all adore,
From age to age for evermore.

---

391. L. M.

Praise to the One Supreme. Psa. xcv.

1 O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our almighty King!
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

2 O let us to his courts repair
And bow with adoration there;
To him address in joyful songs
The praise that to his name belongs.

3 For God the Lord, enthron'd in state,
Is with unrivall'd glory great;
His mercy, highest heaven transcends,
His truth, beyond the clouds extends.

4 Be thou, O God! exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd,
Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

392. L. M.

Acceptable Worship.

1 O HOW delightful is the road
That leads us to thy temple, Lord!
With joy we visit thine abode,
And seek the treasures of thy word.

2 O heavenly treasures! glorious light!
From ancient sages long conceal'd;
Till Christ restor'd the feeble sight,
And God's unchanging word reveal'd.

3 For Thee, O Lord! our thoughts prepare
The sacrifice thy love demands;
A soul repentant and sincere,
A grateful heart and liberal hands.

393. H. M.

Blessings of the Sanctuary. Psa. lxxxiv.

1 HOW amiable, how fair,
O Lord of Hosts, to me,
Thy tabernacles are!
My flesh cries out for Thee;
My heart and soul, with heaven-ward fire,
To Thee, the living God, aspire.

2 The sparrow here finds place
To build her little nest;
The swallow's wandering race
Hither return and rest;
Beneath thy roof their young ones cry,
And round thine altar learn to fly.

3 Thrice-blessed they who dwell
Within thine house, my God,
Where daily praises swell,
And still the floor is trod
By those, who in thy presence bow,
By those, whose King and God art Thou.

4 Lord God of Hosts, give ear,
A gracious answer yield;
O God of Jacob, hear;
Behold, O God, our shield;
Look on thine own Anointed One,
And save through thy beloved Son.

5 Lord, I would rather stand
A keeper at thy gate,
Than on the king's right hand
In tents of worldly state;
One day within thy courts, one day,
Is worth a thousand cast away.

6 God is a sun of light,
Glory and grace to shed;
God is a shield of might,
To guard the faithful head;
O Lord of Hosts, how happy he,
The man who puts his trust in Thee.

---

394. L. M.

Divine Light and Guidance implored.

1 O SOURCE of uncreated light!
By whom the worlds were rais'd from night
Come, visit every sinner's mind;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind.

2 Plenteous in grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy matchless energy:
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy Thee.

3 Chase from our path each noxious foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow:
And lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

---

395. C. M.

Divine Condescension. Psa. viii.

1 O THOU to whom all creatures bow,
Within this earthly frame;
Through all the world how great art Thou
How glorious is thy name.

2 When heaven, thy glorious work on high,
Employs our wondering sight;
The moon that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light;

3 Lord, what is man, that he is bless'd
With thy peculiar care!
Why on his offspring is conferr'd,
Of love so large a share!

4 Him next in power thou didst create
To thy celestial train;
Ordain'd with dignity and might
O'er all thy works to reign.

5 All, his imperial will obey:
The beast that treads the plain;
The bird that wings its airy way;
The fish that skims the main.

6 O Thou to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame!
Through all the world how great art Thou!
How glorious is thy name!

---

396. P. M. 10 s.

Divine Light implored.

1

O THOU, whose power o'er moving worlds presides!
Whose voice created and whose wisdom guides!
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine!

2

'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence, and holy rest;
From thee, great God! we spring; to thee we tend;
Path, motive, guide, original, and end.

---

397. C. M.

Petition.

1 O GOD! when we, to praise thy name,
With trembling souls aspire;
Imbue us with a heavenly flame,
And sanctify the lyre.
By day, thy bounteous sun reveals
The face of nature fair—
Then every eye with gladness sees
Thy power and goodness there.

2 The vault of heaven thou deck'st at night
With stars of beauty rare:
We gaze, and fill'd with vast delight,
Behold thy glory there.

When awful thunders rend the sky,
And tempests move the air;
What sinful wretch would dare deny
He hears thy footsteps—there!

3 We look into our souls, where dwelt
The blackness of despair—
And own with rev'rence, we have felt
Thy wond'rous mercy—there.
O grant us (when our days are gone)
Our heart's ambitious prayer;
To kneel with rev'rence at thy throne,
And worship ever—there.

---

398. C. M.

Confidence in our Heavenly Father.

1 O GOD! on thee we all depend,
On thy paternal care;
Thou wilt the Father and the Friend
In every scene appear.

2 With open hand and liberal heart
Thou wilt our wants supply:
Thy heavenly blessings still impart,
And no good thing deny.

3 Thou know'st, O God! what's good and fit,
And wisdom guides thy love;
To thine appointments we submit,
And every choice approve.

4 In thy paternal love and care,
With cheerful hearts we trust;
Thy tender mercies boundless are,
And all thy thoughts are just.

5 We cannot want while God provides;
What he allots is best;
And heaven, whate'er we want besides,
Will give eternal rest.

399. L. M.

Trust and Resignation implored.

1 O GOD! to Thee we raise our eyes;
Calm resignation to implore;
O let no murmuring thought arise,
But humbly let us still adore!

2 With meek submission may we bear
Each needful cross thou shalt ordain;
Nor think our trials too severe,
Nor dare thy justice to arraign.

3 For though mysterious now thy ways
To erring mortals may appear,
Hereafter we thy name shall praise,
For all our keenest sufferings here.

4 Thy needful help, O God! afford,
Nor let us sink in deep despair;
Aid us to trust thy sacred word,
And find our sweetest comforts there.

5 There faith unveils a brighter scene,
Where all life's painful conflicts cease,
Where no dark clouds shall intervene,
Nor sorrows e'er disturb our peace.

400. L. M.

Supplication to the Searcher of Hearts.

1 O HEAR us, Lord! to thee we call,
And prostrate at thy footstool fall:
O Lord, our prayer propitious hear,
And bow to our requests thine ear!

Searcher of hearts, our thoughts review!
With kind severity pursue,
Through each disguise, thy servants' mind,
Nor leave one stain of guilt behind.

To Thee our inmost heart is known:
Regard us from thy lofty throne;
Nor e'er to our desiring eye
Thy heavenly presence, Lord, deny.

---

401. L. M. Six Line.

Creation, Providence and Grace. Psa. xix.

THY glory, Lord, the heavens declare,
The firmament displays thy skill;
The changing clouds, the viewless air,
Tempest and calm thy word fulfil:
Day unto day doth utter speech,
And night to night thy knowledge teach.

Though voice nor sound inform the ear,
Well-known the language of their song,
When one by one the stars appear,
Led by the silent moon along;
'Till round the earth, from all the sky,
Thy beauty beams on every eye.

Wak'd from thy touch, the morning sun
Comes like a bridegroom from his bower,
And, like a giant, glad to run
His bright career with speed and power;—
Thy flaming messenger, to dart
Life through the depths of Nature's heart.

While these transporting visions shine
Along the path of Providence,
Glory eternal, joy divine,
Thy word reveals, transcending sense;—
My soul thy goodness longs to see,
Thy love to man, thy love to me.

402. L. M. Six Line.

Imploring divine mercy. Psa. cxxx.

1 OUT of the depth of sad distress,
The gloomy mazes of despair,
To heaven we raise our warm address;
Deign, O our God! to hear our prayer:
O let thine ear indulge our grief,
For thine indulgence is relief.

2 Shouldst thou, O God! minutely scan
Our faults and as severely chide;
No mortal seed of sinful man
Could such a scrutiny abide:
But mercy shines in all thy ways,
Bright theme of universal praise!

3 With longing eyes we seek the Lord,
Before his throne our souls attend:
Firmly on his eternal word
Our faith is fix'd, our hopes depend:
On wings of love our souls shall rise
In contemplation to the skies.

4 Ye pious minds! on God rely:
With full assurance in him trust;
He sends redemption from on high,
And raises sinners from the dust:
He will forgive the contrite heart,
And life, eternal life impart.

---

403. C. M.

A Communion Hymn.

1 O GOD! accept the sacred hour
Which we to thee have given;
And let this hallow'd scene have power
To raise our souls to heaven.

Still let us hold till life departs,
The precepts of thy Son,
Nor let our thoughtless, thankless hearts
Forget what he has done.

His true disciples may we live,
From all corruption free,
And humbly learn like him to give
Our powers, our wills to Thee.

And oft along life's dangerous way,
To smooth our passage through,
Wilt thou, on this thy holy day,
For us this scene renew.

404. L. M.

On the dangerous Sickness of a Minister.

O THOU, before whose gracious throne
We bow our suppliant spirits down!
Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel,
And all our trembling lips would tell.
Thou only canst assuage our grief,
And give our sorrowing hearts relief;
In mercy then thy servant spare,
Nor turn aside thy people's prayer.

Avert thy desolating stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock;
Restore him, sinking to the grave,
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save!
Bound to each soul by tender ties,
In every heart his image lies;
Thy pitying aid, O God! impart,
Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.

But if our supplications fail,
And prayers and tears cannot prevail,
Be thou his strength, be thou his stay:
Support him through the gloomy way.

Around him may thine angels stand,
Waiting the signal of thy hand,
To bid his happy spirit rise,
And bear him to their native skies.

---

405. C. M.

All Nature joining in the praise of God.

1 BEGIN the high, celestial strain,
My ravish'd soul, and sing
A solemn hymn of grateful praise
To heaven's almighty King;

2 Ye curling fountains, as you roll
Your silver waves along,
Whisper to all your verdant shores
The subject of my song.

3 Retain it long, ye echoing rocks!
The sacred sound retain;
And from your hollow-winding caves
Return it oft again.

4 Bear it, ye winds, on all your wings
To distant climes away;
And round the wide-extended world
My lofty theme convey.

5 Long let it warble round the spheres,
And echo through the sky,
Till angels, with immortal skill,
Improve the harmony.

6 While I, with sacred rapture fir'd,
The bless'd Creator sing,
And warble consecrated lays
To heaven's almighty King.

406. P. M. 10 s.

Praise.

1

HARK! what distant music melts upon the ear!
So sweet the tones, the symphonies so clear!
Some seraph sure has touch'd his golden lyre,
And praise resounds through all the heavenly choir.
Ye mortals, catch the soul-commanding sound;
Learn the bless'd theme, and chant the chorus round.

2

O could our strains the rapturous notes combine,
Then should our grateful anthems pour along
The smoothing, swelling harmonies of song;
And every breast would glow with Love Divine!

3

Most gracious God, thy humble suppliants hear;
Accept the tributary lays we bring:
Thy power we own; thy majesty revere;
Thy goodness celebrate; thy glories sing.
And oh! may all in one grand concert raise
To Thee hosannas of unceasing praise.

---

407. P. M. 10 s.

Sounding of the last Trumpet.

1

JESUS, all hail! thou risen Saviour, hail!
At thy command the seventh trump shall sound,
The sun retire, the moon, the stars turn pale,
And heaven, and earth, and sea, no more be found.

2

Rous'd at thy word, the slumbering nations rise;
The dead, who live not till the trump be blown,
Lift up to Thee their supplicating eyes,
And *they who pierc'd* Thee, weep at mercy's throne.

On all their sins the cleansing fountain rolls,
Their robes are wash'd in thine all-saving blood;
The Fount of Life supplies their thirsty souls,
And every nation drinks the living flood.

4

Bath'd in the crimson stream of Love Divine,
With tears of joy, in ecstasy, they cry:
"The east, the west, the south, the north, are thin
From everlasting, thine, we shall not die."

5

"All souls are mine; all live to God in me,
The first the last, the last the first proclaim;
Jew, Gentile, Greek, barbarian, bond or free,
Are one new man, and bear Immanuel's name."

---

408. P. M. 8 s.

Praise. Rev. xv. 4. Psa. lxviii. 32.

1 THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,
Whose love is as great as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

2 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose spirit shall guide us safe home;
We 'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that 's to come.

---

409. C. M.

Praise to the Redeemer.

1 PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

pitying eyes the Prince of Grace
ıeld our helpless grief;
ıw, and (O amazing love!)
came to our relief.

from the shining seats above
h joyful haste he fled;
'd the grave in mortal flesh,
l dwelt among the dead.

this love, let rocks and hills
:ir lasting silence break,
ll harmonious human tongues
: Saviour's praises speak.

;, assist our mighty joys,
ke all your harps of gold;
hen you raise your highest notes,
love can ne'er be told.

---

410. L. M.

Psa. cl.

ŞE ye the Lord; let praise employ
own courts your songs of joy;
ɔacious firmament around
ɛcho back the joyful sound.

nt his works in strains divine;
ɔnd'rous works how bright they shine
him for his almighty deeds,
ɛ greatness all your praise exceeds.

ɛ the trumpet's piercing sound,
'ead your sacred pleasures round;
sweeter music tunes the lute,
arbling harp, and breathing flute:

Ye virgin train, with joy advance
To praise him in the graceful dance;
To praise awake each tuneful string,
And to the solemn organ sing.

3 Let the loud cymbal sounding high,
To softer, deeper notes reply;
Harmonious let the concert rise,
And bear the rapture to the skies.
Let all whom life and breath inspire,
Attend and join the blissful choir;
But chiefly you who know his word,
Adore, and love, and praise the Lord.

---

411. P. M. 8s. 7s.

The God of Mercy adored.

1 PRAISE to God, the great Creator,
Bounteous source of every joy;
He whose hand upholds all nature,
He whose word can all destroy!
Saints, with pious zeal attending,
Now the grateful tribute raise;
Solemn songs to heaven ascending,
Join the universal praise.

2 Here indulge each grateful feeling;
Lowly bend with contrite souls;
Here his milder grace revealing,
Here no awful thunder rolls:
Lo! the eternal page before us
Bears the covenant of his love,
Full of mercy to restore us,
Mercy beaming from above.

3 Every secret fault confessing,
Deed unrighteous, thought of sin;
Seize, O seize the proffer'd blessing,
Grace from God, and peace within!

Heart and voice with rapture swelling,
Still the song of glory raise;
On the theme immortal dwelling,
Join the universal praise.

---

412. P. M. 7. & 6.

The dying Christian.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying.
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper! angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes—it disappears!—
Heaven opens to mine eyes! mine ears
With sounds seraphic ring;
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

---

413. C. M.

For Fast. Hos. vi. 4.

PERPETUAL Source of light and grace!
We hail thy sacred name;
Through every year's revolving round,
Thy goodness is the same.

2 On us, unworthy as we are,
Its blessings still it pours;
Sure as the heaven's establish'd course,
And plenteous as the showers.

3 Inconstant service we repay,
And transient vows renew;
Fleeting too oft as morning clouds,
And like the early dew.

4 Our former follies, Lord! we mourn,
And now thy grace implore,
To guide our often erring steps,
That we may stray no more.

5 Aided by energy divine,
May we more steadfast prove;
And with determin'd zeal press on
To gain thy courts above.

6 So by thy power the morning sun
Pursues his radiant way,
Brightens each moment in his race,
And shines to perfect day.

---

414. C. M.

Joy in Believing.

1 REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own;
The hope that 's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm:
"Your life is hid with Christ in God,"
Beyond the reach of harm.

3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or fainting, shall not die!
Jesus, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.

4 Though now unseen by outward sense,
Faith sees him always near,
A guide, a glory, and defence;
Then what have you to fear?

5 As Christ the conqueror overcame,
And triumph'd once for you;
He 'll raise you from your guilt and shame
To triumph in him too.

415. C. M.

Close of Evening Service.

1 SOON will our fleeting hours be past:
And, as the setting sun
Now leaves the clouds in yonder west,
Our parting beams are gone.

2 May He, from whom all blessings flow,
Our sacred rites attend,
Unite our hearts in wisdom's ways,
Till life's short journey end:

3 And as the rapid sands run down,
Our virtue still improve;
Till each receive the glorious crown
Of never fading love.

416. L. M.

Religious Worship. Psa. xcii.

1 SWEET is the work, O God! our King!
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
When earthly cares forsake the breast,
When our best powers to God we raise,
And the whole heart 's attun'd to praise.

3 Our souls shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works and bless his word:
His works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep his counsels, how divine!

4 Lord, may we walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length:
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there:

5 Then shall we see, and hear, and know,
All we desir'd, or wish'd below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

---

417. L. M.

The love of Jesus to mankind.

1 "SEE how he lov'd!" exclaim'd the Jews,
As tender tears from Jesus fell;
My grateful heart the thought pursues,
And on the theme delights to dwell.

2 See how he lov'd, who travell'd on
Teaching the doctrine from the skies;
Who bade disease and pain be gone,
And call'd the sleeping dead to rise.

3 See how he lov'd, who, firm yet mild,
Patient endur'd the scoffing tongue;
Though oft provok'd, he ne'er revil'd,
Nor did his greatest foe a wrong.

4 See how he lov'd, who never shrank
From toil or danger, pain or death;
Who all the cup of sorrow drank,
And meekly yielded up his breath.

5 See how he lov'd, who died for man,
Who labour'd thus, and thus endur'd,
To finish the all-gracious plan,
Which life and heaven to man secur'd.

6 Such love can we, unmov'd, survey?
O may our breasts with ardor glow,
To tread his steps, his laws obey,
And thus our warm affection show!

---

418. C. M.

Value of the Knowledge of God. Hos. vi. 3.

1 SHINE forth, eternal Source of light!
Make thy perfections known;
Fill our enlarged adoring sight,
With glories all thy own.

2 Vain are the charms, and faint the rays
The brightest creatures boast;
And all their grandeur and their praise
Are in thy presence lost.

3 To know the Author of our frame,
Is our sublimest skill;
True wisdom is to learn his name,
True life, to do his will.

4 For this may we unceasing pray;
This all our powers pursue,
Till visions of eternal day
Fix and complete the view.

419. C. M.

The blessing of God implored. Psa. xc. 17.

1 SHINE on our souls, eternal God!
With rays of mercy shine!
O let thy favour crown our days,
And their whole course be thine!

2 Did we not raise our hands to Thee,
Our hands might toil in vain:
Small joy success itself would give,
If thou thy love restrain.

3 With Thee let every week begin,
With Thee each day be spent,
For Thee each fleeting hour improv'd,
Since each by Thee is lent.

4 Thus cheer us midst the toils of life,
Till all our labours cease;
And fill us in the realms above,
With everlasting peace.

---

420. C. M.

The Highway to Zion. Isa. xxxv. 8—10.

1 SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing;
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King!

2 See the fair way his hand hath rais'd,
How holy, and how plain!
The simplest traveller shall not err,
Nor seek the track in vain:

3 No ravening lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound;
But pleasure, safety, peace and praise,
Through all the path are found.

4 A hand divine shall lead you on
Along the blissful road,
Till on the sacred mount you see,
The glory of your God.

5 There, garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows all are fled.

---

421. C. M.

Our Strength is in the Lord. Isa. xl. 27—31.

1 SUPREME in wisdom, love, and grace,
The great Jehovah stands:
Through his dark providence we trace
The wonders of his hands.

2 Strength to the weak he often lends,
When they his aid implore;
And youth and feeble age defends,
In peril's darkest hour.

3 All human power must soon decay,
And earthly pleasures cease:
But they who make the Lord their stay,
Shall find their strength increase.

4 Then come, and with unwearied pace
The path of life pursue;
For all who trust his heavenly grace,
Shall find his promise true.

5 On eagles' wings they soar away,
They mount to heaven above!
In realms of pure, celestial day,
They shout in strains of love.

422. S. M.

Peace to the returning Penitent.

1 SWEET is the friendly voice
That speaks of life and peace;
That bids the penitent rejoice,
And sin and sorrow cease.

2 No balm on earth like this
Can cheer the contrite heart;
No flatt'ring dreams of earthly bliss
Such pure delight impart.

3 Still merciful and kind,
Thy mercy, Lord! reveal;
The broken heart thy love can bind,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 Thy presence shall restore
Peace to each anxious breast;
Lord! let our steps be drawn no more
From paths which thou hast bless'd.

---

423. C. M.

The Works of God speak his Wisdom and Power.

1 SEE! the bright monarch of the day
In ocean dips his beams;
While from his brow a parting ray
In milder glory streams.

2 The moon, pale empress of the night,
In sweet succession reigns;
And finely paints, with silver light,
The mountains, vales and plains.

3 The planets in progression rise,
And shine from pole to pole;
Their pleasing course delights our eyes,
And charms th' attentive soul.

4 The starry arch in grandeur glows,
Through all its ample round:
Great God! thy power no limit knows,
Thy wisdom knows no bound.

424. P. M. 8, 7s.

A call to praise the Lamb of God.

1 SHOUT to God, in strains immortal!
All the holy angels sing:
Come, ye saints, around the altar,
Each a grateful tribute bring.

2 Loud proclaim the Saviour's merit,
Sing the wonders of his grace;
Sing the sanctifying spirit,
Sealing all the human race.

3 Let the strain be loud and joyful,
Piercing to the lofty sky;
Sing the Lamb of God immortal,
Once for sinners born to die!

4 Let all creatures join the chorus,
Raise to him the grateful song:
Angels share the bliss before us,
And the anthem still prolong.

425. L. M.

Evening Hymn.

1 To God we 'll raise an evening song,
Each accent shall record his care;
'Tis he that guides our feet along,
And keeps our souls from every snare.

From the first dawn of morning light,
His watchful eye our path attends;
And in returning shades of night,
Is still the same, our heavenly Friend.

2 He knows our wants, relieves our fears,
And satisfies each soul with bread;
He numbers all our flowing years,
And pours his blessings on our heads.
He saves us from the tempter's snare,
And crowns us with his love and grace;
Makes every ransom'd soul his care,
And smiles on all the human race.

3 O come, before his altar bend,
And loud proclaim his matchless love:
Let grateful incense high ascend,
To our almighty Friend above.
Come, rest beneath his guardian care,
Fearless of danger close our eyes;
Till death dislodge our spirits here,
To soar in worlds above the skies.

---

426. C. M.

The Majesty of God.

1 THE Lord descended from above,
And bow'd the heavens most high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And he as sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.

427. C. M.

Divine aid implored.

1 THINE influence, mighty God! is felt,
Through nature's ample round;
In heaven, on earth, through air and skies,
Thy energy is found.

2 Thy sacred influence, Lord! we need
To form our hearts anew;
O cleanse our souls from every sin,
And thy salvation shew!

3 Father of light! thine aid impart
To guide our doubtful way;
Thy truth shall scatter every cloud,
And make a glorious day.

4 Supported by thy heavenly grace,
We 'll do and bear thy will;
That grace shall make each burden light,
And every murmur still.

5 Cheer'd by thy smiles, we 'll fearless tread
The gloomy path of death;
And with the hopes of endless bliss,
To Thee resign our breath.

---

428. C. M.

Providence kind and bountiful.

1 THY kingdom, Lord, for ever stands,
While earthly thrones decay;
And time submits to thy commands
While ages roll away.

2 Thy sovereign bounty freely gives
Its unexhausted store;
And universal nature lives
On thy *sustaining* power.

3 Holy and just are all thy ways;
Thy goodness is divine;
In all thy works, immortal rays
Of power and mercy shine.

4 Thy praise, O God! delightful theme!
Shall fill each heart and tongue:
Let all creation bless thy name
In one eternal song.

429. C. M.

Supplication for the Divine blessing on the Word.

1 THY gracious aid, great God! impart,
To give thy word success;
Write all its precepts on the heart,
And deep its truths impress.

2 O speed our progress in the way,
That leads to joys on high,
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

430. L. M.

Desire of Wisdom and Obedience.

1 TEACH us, O teach us, Lord! thy way;
That to our life's remotest day,
By thy unerring precepts led,
Our feet thy heavenly paths may tread.

2 Inform'd by Thee, with sacred awe
Our hearts shall meditate thy law;
And with celestial wisdom fill'd,
To Thee a pure obedience yield.

3 Give us to know thy will aright,
Thy will our glory and delight;
That, rais'd above the world, the mind
In Thee its highest good may find.

4 O turn from vanity each eye!
To us thy quick'ning strength supply;
And with thy promis'd mercy cheer
The heart devoted to thy fear.

431. C. M.

Prospect of the universal Spread of spiritual Blessings.

1 THE common Parent, Lord of all,
Who sits enthron'd above,
With perfect wisdom rules the world,
And with impartial love.

2 Soon may his name from shore to shore
Sound all the earth abroad;
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God!

3 The day will come, the happy day,
Such his eternal will,
When light, and truth, and grace divine,
The spacious earth shall fill.

4 God will diffuse the blessings round,
So richly scatter'd here;
Till the creation's utmost bound,
Shall see, adore, and fear.

432. P. M. 10s. 11s.

Hymn of Praise.

1 O PRAISE ye the Lord, prepare a new song,
And let all his saints in full concert join:
With voices united the anthem prolong,
And show forth his praises with music divine.

2 Let praise to the Lord, who made us, ascend,
Let each grateful heart be glad in its King:
The God, whom we worship, our songs will attend,
And *view with* complacence the off'ring we bring.

3 Be joyful, ye saints, sustain'd by his might,
And let your glad songs awake with each morn;
For those who obey him are still his delight,
His hand with salvation the meek will adorn.

4 Then praise ye the Lord, prepare a glad song,
And let all his saints in full concert join;
With voices united the anthem prolong,
And show forth his praises with music divine.

433. L. M.

Improvement of the Shortness of Life.

1 THE short-liv'd day declines in haste;
The night of death approaches fast;
With rapid speed the moments run,
In which the work of life is done.

2 With willing hearts, and active hands,
Lord! may we practice thy commands.
Improve the moments as they fly,
And live as we would wish to die.

434. L. M.

At the Dedication of a Place of Worship.

1 GREAT God! the followers of thy Son,
We bow before thy mercy-seat,
To worship Thee, the Holy One,
And pour our wishes at thy feet.

2 O grant thy blessing here to-day!
O give thy people joy and peace!
The tokens of thy love display,
And favour, that shall never cease.

3 We seek the truth which Jesus brought;
His path of light, we long to tread;
Here be his holy doctrines taught,
And here their purest influence shed.

4 May faith, and hope, and love abound;
Our sins and errors be forgiven:
And we, in thy great day, be found
Children of God, and heirs of heaven.

435. L. M.

Divine Mercy. Psa. cxxx.

1 THERE is forgiveness, Lord! with thee,
The humble penitent to cheer;
That all, who thy rich mercy see,
May hope and love, as well as fear.

2 More welcome than the morning's face
To those who long for breaking day,
Great God! is that abundant grace
Which thy kind promises display.

3 Our trust is fix'd upon thy word,
Nor shall we trust thy word in vain:
Let contrite souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

436. C. M.

Living habitually in the fear of God.

1 THRICE happy men, who, born from heaven,
While yet they travel here,
Each day of life with God begin,
And spend it in his fear!
Midst hourly cares, may we present
Our offerings to thy throne:
And, while the world our hands employ,
Our hearts be thine alone.

2 As sanctified to noblest ends,
Be each refreshment sought;
And by each various providence
Some wise instruction brought.

When to laborious duties call'd,
Or by temptations tried;
We 'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
And in thy strength confide.

3 As different scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With Thee, amidst the social band,
In solitude with Thee.
In solid, pure delights like these,
Let all our days be past;
Nor shall we then impatient wish,
Nor shall we fear the last.

---

437. C. M.

Sovereignty and Goodness of God. Psa. viii.

1 O LORD, our King, how excellent,
Thy name on earth is known!
Thy glory in the firmament
How wonderfully shown!

2 Yet are the humble dear to Thee
Thy praises are confest
By infants lisping on the knee,
And sucklings at the breast.

3 When I behold the heavens on high,
The work of thy right hand;
The moon and stars amid the sky,
Thy lights in every land:—

4 Lord, what is man, that thou shouldst deign
On him to set thy love,
Give him on earth awhile to reign,
Then rise to heaven above?

5 O Lord, how excellent thy name!
How manifold thy ways!
Let Time thy saving truth proclaim,
Eternity thy praise.

438. L. M.

Love to God and Man. Matt. xxii. 37—40.

1 THUS saith the first and great command,—
Let all thy inward powers unite
To love thy Maker and thy God,
With utmost vigor and delight.

2 Then shall thy neighbor, next in place,
Thy heart's sincere affection prove;
And let thy wishes for thyself
Measure to him the debt of love.

3 But while these sacred truths we own,
How cold remain our bosoms still!
Wake our best passions, God of love!
And mould our spirits to thy will.

---

439. C. M.

God the Source of Consolation and Health.

1 TO calm the sorrows of the mind,
Our heavenly friend is nigh,
To wipe the anxious tear that starts,
Or trembles in the eye.

2 Thou canst, when anguish rends the heart,
The secret woe control;
The inward malady canst heal,
The sickness of the soul.

3 Thou canst repress the rising sigh,
Canst soothe each mortal care;
And every deep and heart-felt groan
Is wafted to thine ear.

4 Thy gracious eye is watchful still;
Thy potent arm can save
From threatening danger and disease,
And the devouring grave.

5 Eternal Source of life and health,
And every bliss we feel!
In sorrow and in joy to Thee
Our grateful hearts appeal.

---

440. L. M.

The Vanity of earthly Objects.

1 THE trifling joys this world can give,
A thirsty soul can ne'er supply;
A soul, which hopes, through grace, to live
In realms of bliss beyond the sky.

2 Yet, O my God, I would not slight
The smallest of thy gifts to me;
The least affords me some delight,
And shews thy mercy rich and free.

3 My friends, my health, my daily food—
All blessings given here below,
Proclaim aloud that thou art good—
Thy goodness all the world shall know.

4 But O, it is a greater joy
To feel my heart is reconcil'd;
To know thou wilt my sins destroy,
And claim me as thy ransom'd child.

5 In Thee, dear Lord, I stand complete,
It is enough—I want no more!
Prostrate I fall before thy feet,
And all thy boundless love adore.

6 Hence then, ye trifling joys depart!
Joys transient as the fading flower;
Jesus the Saviour claims my heart,
'Tis his by purchase, love, and power.

441. L. M.

Divine Love displayed in the Blessings of the Gospel.

1 TO Thee, our hearts, eternal King!
Would each a thankful tribute bring;
To Thee their humble homage raise,
In songs of ardent, grateful praise.

2 All nature shows thy boundless love,
In worlds below, and worlds above;
But in thy blessed word, we trace
The richer glories of thy grace.

3 There, what delightful truths are given;
There Jesus shows the way to heaven;
His name salutes the listening ear,
Revives the heart, and checks the fear.

4 There Jesus bids our sorrows cease,
And gives the labouring conscience peace;
Raises our grateful feelings high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

5 For love like this, O may our song
To endless years thy praise prolong;
And distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more!

---

442. L. M.

Christ the Sun of Righteousness. Psa. xxxvii.

1 TO thee, O God! we homage pay,
Source of the light that rules the day!
Who, while he gilds all nature's frame,
Reflects thy rays, and speaks thy name.

2 In louder strains we sing that grace
Which gave the Sun of righteousness;
Whose nobler light salvation brings,
And scatters healing from his wings.

3 O may his glories stand confess'd,
From north to south, from east to west!
Successful may his gospel run
Wide as the circuit of the sun!

4 When shall that radiant sun arise,
Where, fix'd on high in purer skies,
Christ all his lustre shall display
Through realms of never-ending day!

---

443. L. M.

The Institution of the Lord's Supper.

1 'TWAS on that dark and mournful night
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friend betray'd him to his foes:

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake;
What love through all his actions ran;
What wond'rous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body, broke for sin,
Receive and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine,
"'Tis the new covenant in my blood."

4 "In memory of your dying Lord,
Do this," said he, "till time shall end;
Meet at my table and record
The love of your departed Friend."

5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the Lamb.

444. L. M.

The Christian Farewell. 2 Cor. xiii.

1 THY presence, ever-living God!
Wide through all nature spreads abroad:
Thy watchful eyes, which never sleep,
In every place thy children keep.

2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and powers sustain;
And when apart rejoice to share
Thy counsels, and thy gracious care.

3 To Thee we now commit our ways,
And still implore thy heavenly grace;
Still cause thy face on us to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.

4 Give us within thy house to raise
Again united songs of praise,
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

445. S. M.

Obligation to Gratitude and Praise.

1 MY Maker, and my King!
To thee my all I owe;
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.

2 Thou ever good and kind!
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.

3 Thy goodness, like the sun,
Dawn'd on my early days,
Ere infant reason had begun,
To form my lips to praise.

4 The creature of thy hand,
On Thee alone I live:
My God! thy benefits demand
More praise than life can give.

5 O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to Thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

---

446. C. M.

The Saviour's Invitation.

1 THUS to believers, while below,
Has God his love express'd;
"My presence still shall with you go,
And I will give you rest.

2 This as a comfort each shall know,
The sweetest and the best;
My presence shall with them abide,
And I will give them rest.

3 Though with affliction's swelling tide
You sorely are oppress'd;
My presence shall with you abide,
And I will give you rest.

4 When death with solemn call is near,
Still lean upon my breast;
My presence shall support you there,
And I will give you rest."

5 Then let his praise be our employ,
Till we're of heaven possess'd;
Till God imparts celestial joy,
And gives us endless rest.

447. S. M.

Preserving Grace. Jude 24. 25.

'O God the only wise,
ur Saviour and our K'-g,
all the saints below the skies,
heir humble praises bring.

y his unfading love,
is counsel, and his care,
lay'd in mercy from above,
e guards from every snare.

e will present our souls,
nblemish'd and complete,
re the glory of his face,
ith joys divinely great.

here all his numerous sons
hall meet around his throne,
ll bless the conduct of his grace,
nd make his wonders known.

o God the only wise,
ll majesty belongs,
be his power and grace ador'd
i everlasting songs.

---

448. C. M.

The Mission of Christ.

'O God, the great redeeming cause,
Let men and angels sing;
ho sent his Son with power and love,
To reign both Lord and King.

o raise the wretched by his grace,
From their abyss of woe;
nd make his love to all our race,
In *gentle currents* flow.

3 To reconcile the world to God,
The Saviour left the skies;
And loud proclaim'd the sacred word,
Which bids our joys arise.

4 His doctrine pure, his precepts just,
In bright example shine;
Through all the earth, his love and grace
Proclaim a power divine.

5 That power shall conquer all his foes,
And bring them home to God;
Shall all his boundless love disclose—
Hosanna to the Lord!

---

449. L. M.

Remembrance of Christ.

1 "THIS do in memory of your friend,"
Such was the Saviour's last request,
Who all the pangs of death endur'd,
That we might live for ever bless'd.

2 Yes, we 'll record thy matchless love,
Thou dearest, tenderest, best of friends!
Thy dying love the noblest praise
Of long eternity transcends.

3 'Tis pleasure more than earth can give,
Thy goodness through these veils to see;
Thy table food celestial yields,
And happy they who sit with Thee.

4 But oh! what vast transporting joys
Shall fill our breasts, our tongues inspire,
When, join'd with the celestial train,
Our grateful souls thy love admire!

5 When these vile bodies, all refin'd,
Perfect and glorious as thy own,
Unwearied shall our minds obey,
And join in worship near thy throne.

450. S. M.

Praise to God from all Nations. Psa. cxvii.

1 THY name, almighty Lord!
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word,
Thy truth for ever stands.

2 Far be thine honours spread;
Long may thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchang'd no more.

451. C. M.

Blessings of Providence and Redemption.

1 THY goodness, Lord! our souls confess,
Thy goodness we adore;
A spring whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore.

2 Sun, moon, and stars, thy love attest
In every golden ray;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love returns the day.

3 Thy bounty every season crowns
With all the bliss it yields;
With joyful clusters loads the vine,
With strength'ning grain the fields.

4 But chiefly thy compassions, Lord!
Are in the gospel seen;
There, like the sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

452. C. M.

For Fast.

1 IN vain opposing nations rage,
If God with us abide;
One word of his dissolves their strength,
And humbles all their pride.

2 His wisdom sees correction meet;—
He gives the dread command,
And war its desolation spreads
Through every trembling land.

3 His purpose wrought,—again he speaks,
And desolations cease;
War's loud alarms are heard no more,
And all the world is peace.

4 Mortals! adore his sovereign power,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Through all your various tribes be still,
And know that he is God.

---

453. L. M.

The Grave destroyed.

1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust;
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in thy silent dust.

2 No pain, no grief, no anxious fear
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
Whilst angels watch its soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Past through the grave and blest the bed;
Here we may rest till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O grave, his sovereign word!
Restore thy trust; the glorious form
Will then arise to meet the Lord.

---

454. H. M.

God our Preserver in a sickly Season. Psa. cxxi.

1 UPWARD we lift our eyes,
From God is all our aid;
The God who built the skies,
And earth's foundation laid:
God is the tower to which we fly:
His grace is nigh in every hour.

2 Our feet shall never slide,
Or fall in fatal snares,
Since God, our guard and guide,
Defends us from our fears.
Those wakeful eyes, that never sleep,
Shall Israel keep, when dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take our health away,
If God be with us there.
Thou art our sun, and thou our shade,
To guard our head by night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word
To save our souls from death?
And we can trust Thee, Lord,
To keep our mortal breath:
We'll go and come, nor fear to die,
Till from on high Thou call us home.

455. L. M.

The Miracles of Christ.

1 WHAT works of wisdom, power and love,
Do Jesus' high commission prove;
Attest his heaven-derived claim,
And glorify his Father's name!

2 On eyes that never saw the day,
He pours the bright celestial ray;
And deafen'd ears, by him unbound,
Catch all the harmony of sound.

3 Lameness takes up its bed and goes,
Rejoicing in the strength that flows
Through every nerve; and, free from pain,
Pours forth to God the grateful strain.

4 The shatter'd mind his word restores,
And tunes afresh the mental powers;
The dead revive, to life return,
And bids affection cease to mourn.

5 How can our souls these wonders trace
And not admire Jehovah's grace?
Can we behold the Saviour's power,
And not the God of love adore?

---

456. L. M.

God is Love.

1 WHEN darkness long has veil'd the mind,
And smiling day once more appears;
Then, our Creator! then we find
The folly of our doubts and fears.

2 Straight we upbraid our wandering heart,
And blush that we should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour doubtful thoughts of Thee.

O, let us then at length be taught
What we are still so slow to learn!
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
But when our faith is sharply tried,
We find ourselves but learners yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

But, O our God! one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will,
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And then rebellious man is still.

---

457. C. M.

The Comforts of Religion.

WHEN gloomy thoughts and boding fears
The trembling heart invade,
And all the face of nature wears
An universal shade;

Religion's dictates can assuage
The tempest of the soul;
And every fear shall cease to rage,
At her divine control.

Through life's bewilder'd darksome way,
Her hand unerring leads;
And o'er the path her heavenly ray
A cheering lustre sheds.

When feeble reason, here confin'd,
Sinks helpless and afraid;
This bless'd supporter of the mind,
Affords a powerful aid.

5 O may our hearts confess her power,
And find a sweet relief,
To brighten every gloomy hour,
And soften every grief.

458. C. M.

God, the Source of Consolation. Psa. cxlvii. 3.

1 WHEN 'reft of all, and hopeless care
Would sink us to the tomb,
What power shall save us from despair,
What, dissipate the gloom?

2 No balm that earthly plants distil
Can sooth the mourner's smart;
No mortal hand with lenient skill
Bind up the broken heart.

3 But One alone, who reigns above,
Our woe to joy can turn,
And light the lamp of life and love
That long has ceas'd to burn.

4 Then, O my soul! to that One flee,
To God thy woes reveal;
His eye alone thy wounds can see,
His power alone can heal.

459. L. P. M.

The Excellency of the Gospel.

1 WE love the volumes of thy word:
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distrest!
Thy precepts guide our doubtful way;
Thy fear forbids our feet to stray;
Thy promise leads our hearts to rest.

2 From the discoveries of thy law,
The perfect rules of life we draw:
These are our study and delight:
Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold that hath the furnace past
Appears so pleasing to the sight.

3 Thy threat'nings wake our slumb'ring eyes,
And warn us where our danger lies;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes the guilty conscience clean,
Converts the soul, subdues our sin,
And gives a free, but large reward.

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460. P. M. 7s.

The Shortness of Life.

1 WHILE with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the closing year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.
Finish'd here probation's day,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer stay,
But how little, none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies
Quick, the destin'd mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
So our brief and transient days
To their end speed swiftly on;
Soon we pass life's little space,
Here to-day, to-morrow gone.

3 Thanks, for mercies past, receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, Lord! by faith to live,
With eternity in view.

Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill our hearts with filial love;
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

---

461. C. M.

The Resurrection. 1 Cor. xv. 52—58.

1 WHEN the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake;
The opening graves shall yield their charge,
And dust to life awake:
Those bodies that corrupted fell,
Shall incorrupted rise;
And mortal forms shall spring to life,
Immortal in the skies.

2 Behold! what heavenly prophets sung
Is now at last fulfill'd;
That death should yield his ancient reign,
And, vanquish'd quit the field.
Let faith exalt her joyful voice,
Let hope exulting sing:
O grave! where is thy triumph now?
O death! where is thy sting?

3 Our God, whose name be ever bless'd!
Disarms that foe we dread,
And makes us conquerors when we die,
Through Christ, our living Head.
Then steadfast let us still remain,
Though dangers rise around,
And in the work prescrib'd by God,
Yet more and more abound.

462. C. M.

Habitual Devotion.

1 WHILST thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes still'd;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestow'd;
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd:—
That mercy I adore!

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferr'd by Thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill:
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The lowering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear:—
That heart shall rest on Thee!

---

463. C. M.

Habitual Resignation.

1 WITH God our friend, the radiant sun
Sheds a more lively ray:
Each object smiles, all nature charms;
We chase our cares away.

2 Good, when he gives, supremely good;
Nor less when he denies:
Afflictions from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

3 We cannot doubt his bounteous love,
Immeasurably kind:
To his unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resign'd.

---

464. C. M.

The Providence of God in the Seasons.

1 WITH songs and honours sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high;
Over the heavens he spreads his clond,
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends his showers of blessings down
To cheer the plains below:
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

3 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

4 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

5 He sends his word and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

6 The changing wind, each flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word:
With songs and honours sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord!

465. L. M.

A Communion Hymn.

1 WE sing thy mercy, God of love!
That sent the Saviour from above
To free our race from sin and woe;
And spread thy peace and truth below.

2 We thank Thee for thy gracious care
That kept those sacred pages fair
Through every age, whose lines record
The deeds and precepts of our Lord.

3 We thank Thee for this solemn rite,
By us repeated in thy sight;
O fill our souls with bread divine,
And nourish us with heavenly wine!

466. L. M.

The Love of Christ.

1 WHEN in obedience to their Lord
His followers meet around his board,
His love may well employ the song,
And dwell with praises on the tongue.
He lov'd mankind—their welfare sought,
In all he did, in all he taught,
Their present peace, their future joy,
His whole concern, his life's employ.

2 Where deep distress prolongs the sigh,
Behold the tender Jesus nigh;
He heals the sick, restores the blind,
Consoles and soothes the drooping mind.

What love, what kindness, from his tongue,
Invite the willing soul to come,
To hear his gospel, learn the way
Which leads through death to endless day!

3 And shall we fail to love his name,
Who thus to teach and save us came,
To show his Father's love to man—
And died to seal the gracious plan?
While life shall last, O let us prove
Our grateful rev'rence and our love!
In deed and thought through every day,
Our Father's holy will obey!

---

467. C. M.

Reflections on the death of Jesus.

1 WITH warm affection let us view,
With pious grief improve,
The solemn and impressive scene
Of Jesus' dying love.

2 Not all the malice of his foes,
His pity could subdue;
"Father! forgive," he meekly pray'd,
"They know not what they do."

3 O what a love was here display'd,
Beyond our utmost thought!
How pure the lessons, how sublime,
In life and death he taught!

4 Let not his sacred truths, by us
Be lost or misapplied;
Nor let our thoughtless hearts forget
It was for us he died.

468. C. M.

Reason a Divine Gift.

1 WHAT heavenly wisdom has bestow'd,
O! let not man despise;
Reason 's a gift our praise demands;
And lifts us to the skies.

2 How could we know or value truth
Without this beam of light:
Or conscious feel of right and wrong,
Or in God's praise delight?

3 For reason and for conscience too,
Accept our praise, O Lord!
May this be pure, and that be clear,
And both embrace thy word.

---

469. C. M.

Homage and Devotion.

1 WITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal love.

2 Before the awful throne we bow
Of heaven's almighty King:
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 Thee we adore; and, Lord! to thee
Our filial duty pay;
Thy service, unconstrain'd and free,
Conducts to endless day.

4 While in thy house of prayer we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

5 With fervor teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

---

470. P. M.

The Star of Bethlehem.

1 WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd and rudely blow'd
The wind, that toss'd my found'ring bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It made my dark forebodings cease;
And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
I'll sing first in night's diadem,
For ever and for ever more,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

471. C. P. M.

A Christmas Hymn.

1 O LET your mingling voices rise,
In grateful rapture to the skies,
And hail a Saviour's birth!
Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
When Jesus all-triumphant came
To bless the sons of earth.

2 He came to bid the weary rest,
To heal the sinner's wounded breast,
To bind the broken heart;
To spread the light of truth around,
And to the world's remotest bound
The heavenly gift impart.

3 He came our trembling souls to save
From sin, from sorrow, and the grave,
And chase our fears away;
Victorious over death and time,
To lead us to a happier clime
Where reigns eternal day.

4 Then let your mingling voices rise,
In grateful rapture to the skies,
And hail a Saviour's birth!
Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
When Jesus all-triumphant came
To bless the sons of earth.

---

472. H. M.

Christ the Living Stone.

1 WITH ecstacy of joy,
Extol his glorious name,
Who rear'd the spacious earth,

And rais'd our mortal frame:
He built the church who spread the sky,
Shout and exalt his honours high.

2 See the foundation laid
By power and love divine;
In Christ, his holy Son,
How bright his glories shine!
Who yields to death—in dust he lies,
That from his tomb a church might rise.

3 But he for ever lives,
Nor for himself alone;
Each saint new life derives
From him the living Stone;
His influence spreads through every soul,
And in one house unites the whole.

4 To him with joy we move,
In him cemented stand,
The living temple grows,
And owns the founder's hand;
That structure, Lord! still higher raise,
Louder to sound its builder's praise.

5 Descend and shed abroad
The tokens of thy grace;
And with more radiant beams
Let glory fill the place:
Our joyful souls shall prostrate fall,
And own our God is all in all.

---

473. C. M.

Consolation to Mourners.

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

3 The grave of all his children 's blest,
He softens every bed;
Where should the dying members rest
But with the dying Head?

4 Thence he arose and burst the chain,
To show our feet the way;
From shades where death and darkness reign,
To realms of endless day.

5 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid his kindred rise;
Awake! ye nations under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

---

474. L. M.

For Fast. Public Humiliation.

1 GREAT Framer of unnumber'd worlds!
And whom unnumber'd worlds adore,
Whose goodness all thy creatures share,
While nature trembles at thy power!

2 Thine is the hand that moves the spheres,
That wakes the wind, and lifts the sea;
And man, who moves the lord of earth,
Acts but the part assign'd by thee.

3 While suppliant crowds implore thine aid,
To thee we raise the humble cry;
Thine altar is the contrite heart,
Thine incense, a repentant sigh.

4 O may our land, in this her hour,
Confess thy hand, and bless the rod;
By penitence make thee her Friend,
And find in thee a guardian God!

---

475. L. M.

Seed-Time and Harvest.

1 THE rising morn, the closing day,
Repeat thy praise with grateful voice;
Both, bounteous Lord! thy power display,
And laden with thy gifts, rejoice.

Earth's wide extended, varying scenes,
All smiling round, thy bounty show;
From seas or clouds, full magazines,
Thy rich diffusive blessings flow.

2 Now earth receives the precious seed,
Which thy indulgent hand prepares;
And nourishes the future bread,
And answers all the sower's cares.

Thy sweet refreshing showers attend,
And through the ridges gently flow,
Soft on the springing corn descend;
And thy kind blessing makes it grow.

3 Thy goodness crowns the circling year,
Thy paths drop fatness all around;
The barren wilds thy praise declare,
And echoing hills return the sound.

Here spreading flocks adorn the plain;
There plenty every charm displays;
Thy bounty clothes each lovely scene,
And joyful nature shouts thy praise.

476. C. M.

Christ's Death and Exaltation.

1 YE humble souls, who seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away;
And bow with transport down to see
The place where Jesus lay.

2 His life for us he freely gave;
Such wonders love can do!
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throbb'd and bled for you!

3 A moment give your hearts to grief,
And mourn your Saviour slain:
Then dry your tears, and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again!

4 High o'er th' angelic bands he rears
His once dishonour'd head;
And through unnumber'd years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

5 With cheerful hope may every saint
The vale of death survey;
Then rise with his ascending Lord,
To realms of endless day.

---

477. C. M.

Brotherly Kindness. A communion hymn.

1 YE followers of the Prince of peace,
Who round his table draw!
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law.

2 The love which all his bosom fill'd,
Did all his actions guide;
Inspir'd by love, he liv'd and taught;
Inspir'd by love, he died.

3 Let all the sacred law fulfil;
Like his be every mind;
Be every temper form'd by love,
And every action kind.

4 Let none who call themselves his friends,
Disgrace the honour'd name;
But by a near resemblance prove
The title which they claim.

---

478. C. M.

Joyful Confidence in God.

1 YE humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise,
For he is good, supremely good,
And kind are all his ways.

All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

2 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known,
In its diviner forms.

To this sure refuge, Lord, we come,
'Tis here our hope relies;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms and troubles rise.

3 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in Thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.

Great God, to thy unchanging love
What honours shall we raise!
Not all the raptur'd songs above
Can render equal praise.

---

479. P. M. 10, 11, 12 s.

Hymn for Easter.

1 LIFT your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die.

Vain were the terrors that gather'd around him,
And short the dominion of death and the grave;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound him,
Resplendent in glory, to live and to save.

Loud was the chorus of angels on high,
'The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not die.'

2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy;
The being he gave us, death cannot destroy.

Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birth-right, and death were our end;
But Jesus hath cheer'd the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.

Lift then your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

---

480. L. M. Six Line.

Birth of Christ.

1 ARRAY'D in clouds of golden light
More bright than heaven's resplendent bow,
Jehovah's angel came by night,
To bless the sleeping world below.
How soft the music of his tongue!
How sweet the hallow'd strains he sung!

2 "Good-will henceforth to man be given!"
The light of glory beams on earth;
Let angels tune the harps of heaven,
And saints below rejoice with mirth:
On Bethlehem's plains the shepherds sing,
And Judah's children hail their King!

---

481. L. M.

The Love of God better than life. Psa. lxiii. 1—6.

1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;
Thou art my joy, and thou my rest;
The glories that compose thy name,
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.
While in thy house I now appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face;
O may I see thy mercy here,
And taste the blessings of thy grace!

2 Not all by worldly men possess'd,
Nor all the joys our senses know,
Could make me so divinely blest,
Or raise my cheerful passions so.
My life itself, without thy love,
No real pleasure could afford;
'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banish'd from the Lord.

3 Amidst the wakeful hours of night,
When busy cares afflict my head,
One thought of Thee gives new delight,
And adds refreshment to my bed.
I 'll lift my hands, I 'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And fill the remnant of my days.

482. C. M.

Desire to serve God. Psa. xxvii.

ᴇ thing, with all my soul's desire,
ѕought and will pursue;
.t thine own Spirit doth inspire,
ɔrd, for thy servant do.

ıt me within thy courts a place,
nong thy saints a seat,
ever to behold thy face,
ıd worship at thy feet:—

ɜk ye my face;" without delay,
hen thus I hear Thee speak,
heart would leap for joy, and say,
Thy face, Lord, will I seek."

ı leave me not when griefs assail,
ıd earthly comforts flee;
n father, mother, kindred fail,
y God, remember me.

ıad I fainted, and resign'd
every hope my hold,
nine afflictions brought to mind
ıy benefits of old.

on the Lord, with courage wait,
y soul, disdain to fear;
righteous judge is at the gate,
ıd thy redemption near.

---

483. C. M.

A Lord's Day Hymn.

S is the day the Lord of life
d from the dead arise;
houghts, exalt the lofty theme,
anthems to the skies.

2 Let no vain cares divert my mind
From this celestial road;
Nor all the honours of the earth
Detain my soul from God.

3 Think of the splendors of that place,
The joys that are on high;
Nor meanly rest contented here,
With worlds beneath the sky.

4 Heaven is the birth-place of the saints,
To heaven their souls ascend;
Th' Almighty owns his favorite race,
As Father and as Friend.

5 O may these lovely titles prove
My comfort and defence,
When the sick couch shall be my lot,
And death shall call me hence.

---

484. P. M. 7s.

Zeal in the service of God. Psa. xlii.

1 AS the hart with eager looks,
Panteth for the water-brooks,
So my soul, athirst for Thee,
Pants the living God to see;
When, O when, with filial fear,
Lord, shall I to Thee draw near?

2 Tears my food by night, by day
Grief consumes my strength away;
While his craft the Tempter plies,
"Where is now thy God?" he cries;
This would sink me to despair,
But I pour my soul in prayer.

3 For in happier times I went
Where the multitude frequent;
I, with them, was wont to bring

Homage to thy courts, my King;
I, with them was wont to raise
Festal hymns on holy days.

4 Why art thou cast down, my soul?
God, thy God shall make thee whole;
Why art thou disquieted?
God shall lift thy fallen head;
And his countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine.

---

485. L. M. Six Line.

From Psa. lxxiv. 16, 17.

1 THOU art, O God! the life and light
Of all this wond'rous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee;
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven;
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are thine.

3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes;—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are thine.

4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes,

Is born beneath thy kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

---

486. C. M.

The transforming Vision of God.

1 MY God, the visits of thy face
Afford superior joy
To all the flattering world can give,
Or mortal hopes employ.

2 But clouds and darkness intervene,
My brightest joys decline;
And earth's gay trifles oft ensnare
This wand'ring heart of mine.

3 Lord, guide this wand'ring heart to Thee;
Unsatisfied I stray;
Break through the shades of sense and sin,
With thy enlivening ray.

4 O let thy beams resplendent shine,
And every cloud remove;
Transform my powers, and fit my soul
For happier scenes above.

5 Lord, raise my faith, my hope, my heart,
To those transporting joys;
Then shall I scorn each little snare,
Which this vain world employs.

6 Then, though I sink in death's cold sleep,
To life I shall awake;
And, in the likeness of my God,
Of heavenly bliss partake.

487. H. M.

The Kingdom of Christ, and its attendant Glories.

COME, sing a Saviour's power,
And praise his mighty name;
His wond'rous love adore,
And chant his growing fame.
ide o'er the world, a King shall reign,
ıd righteousness and peace maintain.

The sceptre of his grace,
He shall for ever wield;
His foes, before his face,
To strength divine shall yield.
ıe conquest of his truth will show
hat an almighty arm can do.

His alienated sons,
By sin beguil'd, betray'd;
Shall then be born at once,
And willing subjects made:
ich numbers shall his courts adorn,
; dew drops of the vernal morn.

His realm shall ever stand,
By liberal things upheld;
And from his bounteous hand,
All hearts with joy be fill'd.
ı universe with praise shall own
he countless honours of his throne.

---

488. C. M.

For the Lord's Day Morning. Psa. lxiii.

EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face,
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace:

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 I 've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

5 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move;
Nor raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

6 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I 'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

---

489. P. M. 8 s. 7 s.

A Charity Hymn.

1 LORD of life, all praise excelling,
Thou in glory unconfin'd,
Deign'st to make thy humble dwelling
With the poor of humble mind.

2 Thus thy care, for all providing,
Warm'd thy faithful prophet's tongue,
Who, the lot of all deciding,
To thy chosen Israel sung:—

3 "When thine harvest yields thee pleasure,
Thou the golden sheaf shalt bind,
To the poor belongs the treasure
Of the scatter'd ears behind.

These thy God ordains to bless
The widow and the fatherless.

4 When thine olive plants increasing,
Pour their plenty o'er thy plain,
Grateful thou shalt take the blessing,
But not search the bough again.
These, &c.

5 When thy favour'd vintage flowing,
Gladdens the autumnal scene,
Own the bounteous hand bestowing:
But thy vines the poor shall glean.
These, &c."

6 Still we read thy word declaring
Mercy, Lord, thine own decree:
Mercy every sorrow sharing,
Warms the heart resembling Thee.

7 Still the orphan and the stranger,
Still the widow owns thy care;
Screen'd by Thee in every danger,
Heard by thee in every prayer.

---

490. C. M.

The ways of the righteous known to God.

1 TO Thee, my God! my days are known;
My soul enjoys the thought;
My actions all before Thee lie,
Nor are my wants forgot.

2 Each secret wish devotion breathes,
Is vocal to thine ear;
And all my walks of daily life
Before thine eye appear.

3 The vacant hour, the active scene,
Thy mercy shall approve;
And every pang of sympathy,
And every care of love.

4 Each golden hour of beaming light
Is gilded by thy rays;
And dark affliction's midnight gloom
A present God surveys.

5 Full in thy view through life I pass,
And in thy view I die:
Lord, when all mortal bonds shall break,
May I still find Thee nigh!

491. C. P. M.

All Beings invoked to praise God.

1 YE works of God! on him alone
From earth his footstool, heaven his throne,
Be all your praise bestow'd;
Whose hand this beauteous fabric made,
Whose eye the finish'd whole survey'd,
And saw that all was good.

2 Ye sons of men! his praise display,
Who stamp'd his image on your clay,
And gave it power to move;
Where'er ye go, where'er ye dwell,
From age to age successive tell
The wonders of his love.

3 Ye spirits of the good and just,
Who on his word of promise trust,
And daily upwards soar!

O let your songs his praise display,
Till nature's self shall melt away,
And time shall be no more!

4 Praise him, ye meek and humble train,
Who shall those heavenly joys obtain,
Prepar'd for souls sincere!
Now praise him till you take your way
To regions of eternal day,
To dwell for ever there.

---

492. C. M.

The Universal Prayer.

1 LORD, not to earth's contracted span,
Thy goodness let me bound;
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

2 Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw;
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

3 If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay:
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

4 Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath;
Lord! lead me whereso'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

5 This day be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not;
And let thy will be done.

6 To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all beings raise
All nature's incense rise.

493. P. M. 10s.

Devout Aspirations.

1 IF friendless in the vale of tears I stray,
Where briars wound, and thorns perplex my way,
Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,
And with strong confidence lay hold on Thee.

2 In every creature, Lord, I own thy power;
In each event thy providence adore:
Thy promises shall cheer my drooping soul,
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear control.

3 Then when at last I quit this transient scene,
Help me to leave it with a heart serene:
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And having liv'd to Thee, in Thee to die.

494. H. M.

The Birth of Christ proclaimed by Angels.

1 HARK! what celestial notes,
What melody we hear!
Soft on the morn it floats
And fills the ravish'd ear.
The tuneful shell, The golden lyre,
And vocal choir The concert swell.

2 The angelic hosts descend,
With harmony divine:
See! how from heaven they bend,
And in full chorus join,
Fear not, say they, Great joy we bring;
Jesus, your king, is born to-day.

3 He comes, from error's night
Your wandering feet to save;
To realms of bliss and light
He lifts you from the grave.
This glorious morn (Let all attend!)
Your matchless friend, Your Saviour 's born.

4 Glory to God on high!
Ye mortals spread the sound,
And let your raptures fly
To earth's remotest bound!
For peace on earth, From God in heaven,
To man is given, At Jesus' birth.

---

495. P. M. 7s.

Ascension.

1 JESUS, our triumphant Head,
Risen victorious from the dead,
To the realms of glory 's gone
To ascend his rightful throne.
Cherubs on the Conqueror gaze:
Seraphs glow with brighter blaze:
Each bright order of the sky
Hail him as he passes by.

2 Saints the glorious triumph meet,
See their enemies at his feet:
By his scars his toils are view'd,
And his garments stain'd in blood.
Heaven its King congratulates;
Opens wide her golden gates:
Angels songs of victory bring;
All the blissful regions ring.

3 Sinners, join the heavenly powers,
For redemption all is ours:
None but burden'd sinners prove
Blood-bought pardon, dying love.

Hail, thou dear, thou worthy Lord!
Holy Lamb! Incarnate Word!
Hail thou conquering Son of God!
Take the trophies of thy blood.

496. L. M.

A general Song of Praise.

1 NOW to the God, to whom all might
And glory, in all worlds belong,
Who fills unseen his throne of light,
Come, let us sing a general song.

2 His Spirit wrapp'd the mantling air,
Of old, around our infant earth,
And, on her bosom, warm and fair,
Gave her young lord his joyous birth.

3 Hé smiles on morning's rosy way:
He paints the gorgeous clouds of even:
To noon, he gives its ripening ray;
To night, the view of glorious heaven.

4 He drives along those sparkling globes,
In circles of unerring truth;
He decks them all in radiant robes,
And crowns them with eternal youth.

5 So will he crown the upright mind,
When life and all its toils are o'er:
Then let his praise, on every wind
Rise, till the winds shall wake no more.

497. C. M.

For the Communion.

1 WHEN Asia's mighty conqueror died,
His followers shar'd his realm,
Yet, O how soon did ruin's tide
Them and their thrones o'erwhelm!

Had every monarch from his throne
By Jesus' arm been hurl'd;
Had he, the conqueror, held alone
The sceptre of the world;—

2 Had his apostles shar'd the globe;
Had all the orient gems
That deck the royal Persian's robe
Blaz'd on their diadems:
Thron'd on the Egyptian's pyramid,
Old Time had seen their power
All crumble as the Grecian's did,
And wither like a flower.

3 This Jesus knew: and, ere the thorns
Around his head were prest,
The banquet which this board adorns
He spread for all, and blest.
Then gave he gems of hope to shine
Around this goblet's brim:
Then dropp'd a pearl into this wine,
THE MEMORY OF HIM.

---

498. L. M.

At the Ordination of a Minister.

1 O THOU who art above all height!
Our God, our Father, and our Friend!
Beneath thy throne of love and light
Let thine adoring children bend.

2 We kneel in praise,—that here is set
A vine that by thy culture grew;
We kneel in prayer—that thou wouldst wet
Its *opening* leaves with heavenly dew.

3 Since this thy servant now hath given
Himself, his powers, his hopes, his youth,
To the great cause of truth and heaven;
Be thou his guide, O God of truth!

4 Here may his doctrine drop like rain,
His speech like Hermon's dew distil,
Till green fields smile, and golden grain
Ripe for the harvest, waits thy will.

5 And when he sinks in death; by care,
Or pain, or toil, or years opprest;
O God! remember then our prayer;
And take his spirit to thy rest.

---

499. L. M. Six Line.

1 ETERNAL Spirit, Source of light,
Enlivening, consecrating Fire,
Descend, and with celestial heat
Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire;
Our souls refine, our dross consume;
Come, condescending Spirit, come!

2 In our cold breasts, O strike a spark
Of that pure flame which seraphs feel!
Nor let us wander in the dark,
Or lie benumb'd and stupid still.
Come, vivifying Spirit, come!
And make our hearts thy constant home.

3 Let pure devotion's fervors rise!
Let every pious passion glow!
O let the raptures of the skies
Kindle in our cold hearts below.
Come, purifying Spirit, come,
And make our souls thy constant home!

500. S. P. M.

A Christmas Hymn.

1 NO war nor battle's sound
Was heard the world around,
No hostile chiefs to combat ran;
But peaceful was the night
In which the Prince of light
His reign of peace on earth began.

2 The shepherds on the lawn,
Before the point of dawn,
In social circle sat;—around,
Their gentle, fleecy brood,
Or cropp'd the flowery food,
Or slept or sported on the ground.

3 When, lo! with ravish'd ears,
Each swain sweet music hears,
The offspring of no mortal hand;—
Divinely warbled voice,
Answering the stringed noise,
With rapture charm'd the listening band.

4 Sounds of so sweet a tone
Before were never known,
Save when the "sons of morning sung,"
While God dispos'd in air
The constellations fair,
And this great world amidst them hung.

5 "Hail! hail, auspicious morn!
The Saviour Christ is born!
(Such was the seraph's song sublime,)
"Glory to God in heaven!
To man sweet peace be given,
And friendship to the end of time."

501. L. M.

An Evening Hymn.

1 GLORY to Thee, my God! this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings!
Beneath thine own almighty wings!

2 Forgive me, Lord! through thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep at peace may be.

3 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close!
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

4 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise him, all creatures here below!
Praise him above, ye neavenly choir!
O may his praise my soul inspire!

---

502. L. P. M.

Thanksgiving for National Prosperity.

1 HOW rich thy gifts, Almighty King!
From Thee our public blessings spring:
The extended trade, the fruitful skies,
The treasures liberty bestows,
The eternal joys the gospel shows,
All from thy boundless goodness rise.

2 Here commerce spreads the wealthy store,
Which pours from every foreign shore;
Science and art their charms display;
Religion teaches us to raise
Our voices to our Maker's praise,
As truth and conscience point the way.

With grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
To God we raise united songs:
Here still may God in mercy reign;
Crown our just counsels with success,
With peace and joy our borders bless,
And all our sacred rights maintain.

---

503. P. M. 8, 7, 4 s.

Thanksgiving for Divine Mercy.

SOVEREIGN Lord of light and glory!
Author of our mortal frame!
Joyfully we bow before thee,
And extol thy holy name;
Hallelujah! Ever sacred be the theme!

Kind Dispenser of each blessing
Which surrounds the human race!
May we, gratefully possessing,
Still adore thy boundless grace:
Hallelujah! Praise to God, immortal praise!

Thus, with humble adoration,
We attend before thy throne;
And with graceful exultation
Thine abundant mercy own:
Hallelujah! Praise belongs to Thee alone!

In thy every dispensation,
Love and mercy we descry!
Thou, the God of our salvation,
To preserve us still art nigh:
Hallelujah! Glory be to God on high.

504. P. M. 8, 7 s.

All Creatures invoked to praise God.

1 PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens adore him;
Praise him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light.
Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obey'd;
Laws, which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

2 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious,
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail:
Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high his power proclaim
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name.

---

505. P. M. 7 s.

Humble Adoration.

1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
Be thy glorious name ador'd;
Lord! thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

2 Though unworthy, Lord! thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.

3 While on earth ordain'd to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way
Then on high we'll joyful raise
Songs of everlasting praise.

4 Lord! thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness hail!
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be thy glorious name ador'd.

---

506. S. M.

Triumph over Death, in hope of the Resurrection.

1 AND must this body die,
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?
Yes, death will lay me low,
And hold this mortal flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

2 Christ, my Redeemer lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust
Till he shall bid it rise.
Up-rais'd by sovereign grace,
Shall these frail bodies shine,
And every form and every face
Look heavenly and divine.

3 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love:
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.
Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes *of* nobler sound we raise
*With our im*mortal tongues.

507. L. M.

A DOXOLOGY.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above ye heavenly choir;
O! may his praise our souls inspire.

508. S. M.

A DOXOLOGY.

PRAISE God, the sovereign King,
For life's immortal word;
Let the redeemed shout, and sing
Their Saviour and their God.

509. P. M. 7s.

A DOXOLOGY.

PRAISE, O praise the God of love;
Praise the Saviour from above;
Praise the Spirit of his grace;
Praise him, all ye ransom'd race.

510. H. M.

A DOXOLOGY.

NOW to the God of love,
Whose mercies still endure;
The Saviour from above,
Who taught devotion pure;
Be endless praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

APPENDIX.

ANTHEMS, CHORUSSES, &c.

1

ANTHEM. O. C. Col. p. 62.

ALMIGHTY God, when round thy shrine
The palm-tree's heavenly branch we twine,
Emblem of life's eternal day,
And love that fadeth not away;

We bless the flowers expanded all,
We bless the leaves that never fall,
And trembling say, in Eden thus
Thy tree of life will flower for us.

When round thy cherubs smiling calm,
Without their flames, we wreathe the palm;
O God, we feel that emblem true,
Thy mercy is eternal too.

Those cherubs, with their smiling eyes,
That crown of palm which never dies,
Are but the types of Thee above,
Eternal life, and peace, and love.

2

ANTHEM. O. C. p. 80.

THE sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world and give the day;
The moon that shines with borrow'd light,
The stars that gild the gloomy night:

2 The seas that roll unnumber'd waves,
The wood that spreads its shady leaves;
The field whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain:

3 The whole of these and all I see,
Ought to be sung, and sung by me;
They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.

3

ANTHEM. O. C. Col. p. 73.

1 STRIKE the cymbal, roll the timbrel,
Let the trump of triumph sound!
Powerful slinging, headlong bringing
Proud Goliath to the ground.

2 From the river, rejecting quiver,
Judah's hero takes the stone.
Spread your banners, shout Hosannas!
Battle is the Lord's alone.

3 See advances, with songs and dances,
All the band of Israel's daughters;
Catch the sound, ye hills and waters!
Spread your banners, shout Hosannas!
Battle is the Lord's alone.

4 God of thunder, rend asunder
All the power Philistia boasts;
What are nations, what their stations?
Israel's God is Lord of Hosts.

5 What are haughty monarchs now?
Low before Jehovah bow.
Pride of princes, strength of kings,
To the dust, Jehovah brings.
Praise Him, exulting nations, praise! Hosanna!

4

ANTHEM. O. C. Col. p. 41.

GREAT God! what do I see and hear?
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind does appear,
On clouds of glory seated.
The trumpet sounds! the graves restore
The dead which they contain'd before,—
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

5

ANTHEM. H. & H. Col. p. 143, vol. 2.

HOW excellent thy name, O Lord!
In all the world is known!
Above all heavens, O King ador'd,
How hast thou set thy glorious throne!

6

ANTHEM. H. & H. Col. p. 140, vol. 2.

WHEN lost in wonder I behold,
Yon azure starr'd with living gold;
Or on the moon's soft lustre gaze,
As through the spangled heavens she strays;
Warm'd by devotion's hallow'd fire,
May my rapt soul to Thee aspire;
To Thee, whose powerful word we know
Gave these resplendent orbs to glow:
They heard, involv'd in central night,
Thy great command, "let there be light:"
They heard, and at the joyful sound
Unnumber'd planets blaz'd around.

7

Last Day. 1 Pet. iv.18; 2 Pet. iii.7,10,12.—H.&H. Col. p. 238.

1 THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day,

2 When shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll?
When louder yet and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

3 Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou, O Lord, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

8

Trio and Chorus.—O. C. Col. p. 38.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah has triumph'd, his people are free.

Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots and horsemen, all splendid and brave
How vain were there boasting, the Lord hath but spoken
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.

Sound, &c.

Who shall return to tell Egypt the story,
Of those she sent forth in her hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath look'd out from his pillar of glory
And all the brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.

Sound, &c.

9

TRIO. An Elegy. O. C. Col. p. 70.

WEEP not for those, whom the veil of the tomb
In life's happy morning hath hid from our eyes;
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profan'd what was born for the skies.

Death chill'd the fair fountain ere sorrow had stain'd it,
'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,
And but sleeps till the sunshine of heaven has unchain'd it,
To water that Eden where first was its course.

10

CANON. H. & H. Col. p. 318.

1 O, 'TWAS a joyful sound to hear
Our tribes devoutly say
Up, Israel, to the temple haste,
And keep your festal day.

2 At Salem's courts we must appear,
With our assembled powers;
In strong and beauteous order rang'd,
Like her united towers.

11

CHORUS. O. C. Col. p. 67.

THE great Jehovah is our awful theme,
Sublime in majesty, in power supreme.
Hallelujah.

12

ANTHEM. H. & H. Col. p. 133, 2d vol.

GLORY be to God on high, and on earth, peace; good-will towards men. We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee for thy great glory, O! Lord God, heavenly King, Father almighty. Glory be to God! Hallelujah! *Amen!*

13

ANTHEM. O. C. Col. p. 191.

I HEARD a voice from heaven, saying unt
write, from henceforth blessed are the deac
die in the Lord; for they rest from their la
and their works do follow them.

14

ANTHEM. O. C. Col. p. 3.

AWAKE, put on thy strength, O Zion! P
thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, thou holy
The redeemed of the Lord shall return; everl
joy shall be upon their head; sorrow and mou
shall pass away.

15

ANTHEM. O. C. Col. p. 21.

HEAR my prayer, O God, and hide not th
from my petition. Take heed unto me and
me, how I mourn in my prayer and am v
My heart is disquieted within me, and the fe
death is fallen upon me. Then I said, O t
had wings like a dove, then would I flee away
be at rest.

16

ANTHEM. O. C. Col. p. 145.

BOW down thine ear, O Lord, and hear
for I am poor and in misery. Blessed is he that
sidereth the poor and needy; the Lord shal
liver him in the time of trouble. Among the
there is none like unto thee, O Lord, there i
one can do as Thou dost. I will lay me dov
peace and take my rest; for 'tis Thou, O I
that makest me dwell in safety: Therefore
mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord, and
thanks unto his holy name for ever and eve
Praise the Lord, O my soul! while I live

praise the Lord; yea, as long as I have any being will I sing praises unto my God. Amen.

17

EASTER ANTHEM.

THE Lord is risen indeed! Hallelujah! Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept. Hallelujah! And did he rise? Hear, O ye nations! Hear it, O ye dead! He rose! He burst the bars of death, and triumph'd o'er the grave. Then I rose! Then first humanity triumphant pass'd the crystal ports of light, and seiz'd eternal youth. Man, all-immortal, Hail! Heaven, all lavish of strange gifts to man, Thine all the glory! man's the boundless bliss!

18

ANTHEM. Psa. vi 1, 2, 3. H. & H. Col. p. 310.

PONDER my words, O Lord, consider my meditation. O hearken unto the voice of my calling, my King and my God. For unto thee will I make my prayer. My voice shalt thou hear, betimes, O O Lord! Early in the morning will I make my prayer to Thee.

19

ANTHEM. H. & H. Col. p. 300.

BLESSED be thou, Lord God of Israel, our Father, for ever and ever. Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty. For all that is in the heavens and the earth are thine. Thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and thou art exalted as head over all. Both riches and honour come of Thee; and thou reignest over all; and in thy hand is power and might, and in thine hand it is to make great, and to give strength unto all. Now, therefore, our God, we thank Thee, O *God, and praise* thy glorious name; we thank *Thee and praise* thy glorious name.

20

ANTHEM. Psa. viii. H. & H. Col. p. 243.

OH! Lord, our Governor, how excellent is thy name in all the world! thou that hast set thy glory above the heavens! Out of the mouth of very babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies; that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger. What is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him? Thou madest him lower than the angels, to crown him with glory and worship. Oh! Lord, our Governor, how excellent is thy name in all the world! Amen.

21

ANTHEM. Psa. xcv. H. & H. Col. p. 251.

OH come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our Salvation. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and shew ourselves glad with psalms. For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods. In his hands are all the corners of the earth, and the strength of the hills is his also. The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands prepared the dry land. O, come, let us worship, and fall down, and kneel before the Lord, our Maker. For he is the Lord our God; and we are the people of his pasture and the sheep of his hand.

22

FUNERAL ANTHEM. Psa. xvi. 8, 9, 11. H. & H. Col. p. 272.

I HAVE set God always before me, he is on my right hand, therefore I shall not fall. Wherefore my heart was glad, and my glory rejoiced. My flesh also shall rest in hope. Thou shalt shew me *the* path of life; in thy presence is fulness of joy; *and* at thy right hand are pleasures for evermore.

23

ANTHEM FOR THANKSGIVING. Psa. c. H. & H. Col. p. 284.

O, BE joyful in the Lord, all ye lands. Serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his presence with a song. Be ye sure that the Lord he is God. It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves. We are his people and the sheep of his pasture. O! go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise. Be thankful unto him, and speak good of his name. For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth from generation to generation. Glory be to the Father and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost—As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

24

ANTHEM. H. & H. Col. p. 261.

BLESSED are they that wait for Him; for they shall find delight in Him.

25

CANON. Psa. xxxix. 12. H. & H. Col. p. 320.

HEAR my prayer, O Lord, and give ear unto my calling, O my God. Hear my prayer, O Lord, when I mourn; O my God, hear my prayer.

26

CANON. Psa. xxxiv. 3. H. & H. Col. p. 314.

O PRAISE the Lord with me, and let us magnify his name together.

27

CANON. Isa. xxv. 1. H. & H. Col. p. 316.

O LORD, my God, I will exalt Thee, and I will *praise thy name* for ever and ever.

28

CHORUS—O. C. Col. p. 169.

THE Lord gave the word! Great was the company of the preachers.

29

AIR—O. C. Col. p. 173.

HOW beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things.

30

CHORUS—O. C. Col. p. 175.

THEIR sound is gone out into all lands, and their words unto the ends of the world.

31

O. C. Col. p. 44.

Recitative—HE was cut off, out of the land of the living; for the transgressions of thy people was he stricken.——*Air.* But Thou didst not leave his soul in hell, nor didst Thou suffer Thy Holy One to see corruption.

Chorus. Lift up your heads, O ye gates! and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in. Who is the King of Glory? The Lord, strong and mighty in battle. Who is the King of Glory? The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory!

32

ANTHEM. H. & H. Col. p. 256.

LORD of all power and might! Thou that art the author; thou that art the giver of all good things; Graft in our hearts the love of thy name; increase in us true religion. Lord of all power and might, nourish us in all goodness, and of thy great mercy, keep us in the same, through Jesus Christ our Lord! Amen.

33

CHORUS—O. C. Col. p. 161.

BEHOLD the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world.

34

AIR—O. C. Col. p. 164.

HE shall feed his flock like a shepherd, and he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and gently lead those that are with young. Come unto him all ye that labor, come unto him, ye that are heavy laden, and he will give you rest; take his yoke upon you and learn of him, for he is meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

35

CHORUS—O. C. Col. p. 198.

BUT as for his people, he led them forth like sheep; he brought them out with silver and gold. There was not one feeble person among their tribes.

36

CHORUS—O. C. Col. p. 109.

MOSES and the children of Israel sang this song unto the Lord, and spake, saying; The Lord shall reign for ever and ever. For the hosts of Pharaoh went in with his chariots and with his horsemen into the sea, and the Lord brought again the waters of the sea upon them; but the children of Israel went on dry land in the midst of the sea. The Lord shall reign for ever and ever. And Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answer'd them, Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumph'd *gloriously; the* Lord shall reign for ever. *The horse and his* rider hath he thrown into the sea. *I will sing* unto the Lord, for he hath tr

umph'd gloriously; the horse and his rider ha
thrown into the sea.

37

CHORUS. O. C. Col. p. 93.

HE gave them hailstones for rain: fire, mi
with the hail, ran along upon the ground.

38

ANTHEM—O. C. Col. p. 179.

WHO is this that cometh from Edom, with
garments from Bozrah? This that is gloric
his apparel, travelling in the greatness o
strength?—I that speak in righteousness, m
to save. Wherefore art thou red in thine ap
and thy garments like him that treadeth in the
fat?—I have trodden the wine-press alone, a
the people there was none with me; for I will
them in mine anger, and their blood shall be s
led upon my garments, for the day of veng
is in my heart, and the year of my redeen
come. And I looked and there was none to
and I wonder'd there was none to uphold: the
mine own arm brought salvation, and my f
upheld me; and I will tread the people in
anger, and I will bring down their strength t
earth. I will mention the loving kindness o
Lord, and the praises of the Lord, and his
goodness towards the house of Israel, whicl
has bestow'd upon them according to his mer
for the angel of his presence saved them; in his
and in his pity he redeemed them; and he bare
and he carried them all the days of old. Look
from heaven and behold from the habitation o
holiness and thy glory: For thou, O Lord, ar
Father, our Redeemer, thy name is from everla

39

ANTHEM. O. C. Col. p. 31.

HOSANNA! blessed is He that comes
name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highes

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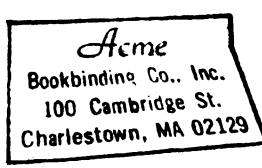
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